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THE YACHT "WANDERER."

THIS now famous vessel, whose recent cruise is causing so much commotion throughout the country, was built at Setauket, on Long Island, under the superintendence of Commodore Hawkins, and launched in June, 1857.

Her original owner, Mr. Johnson, sold her about a year ago to Captain Corrie, of South Carolina, by whom she is at present owned. In the month of June last, the surveyor of Port Jefferson, Mr. J. J. Norton, came to this city, and stated that, from the repairs which were being made to the *Wanderer*, the size of her water-tanks, and the quantity of stores that were being put on board of her, he had suspicions that she was about to be employed in the slave-trade. Mr. Norton was so positive that the *Wanderer* was seized and placed in charge of the United States Marshal. That official, however, was soon persuaded by the owners that it was all a mistake; and after detaining the *Wanderer* for a week or so, let her go. The next heard of her was early in December last, when she suddenly loomed up on the coast of Georgia, and was charged with having been engaged in the slave-trade. She hailed from St. Helena, but without regular papers.

The general opinion—which to some extent is corroborated by the evidence taken on the trial—is that the *Wanderer* did not herself carry slaves from Africa, but that she served as the pilot and decoy of a larger vessel which did; and that between three and four hundred slaves were landed on or near Jekyll Island, and from thence scattered throughout the Southern country. Many of the Africans have been seen and identified as natives of Africa.

"I WOULD THAT SHE WERE DEAD!"

'TIS a night in cold November,
And I sit by a hearth of my own;
The fire is blazing brightly,
But I sit by its blaze alone.
It is ten long years, I remember,
This very self-same night,
I stood by this hearth-stone thinking,
And gazed in the bright firelight.

That night of all nights, I remember,
I had drawn to my loving side
A girlish form in her beauty,
And proudly I called her my bride;
And I loved her fondly and dearly—
So dearly it seemed like a dream—
And I stood by this firelight thinking,
While I pictured it out in the gleam.

There, far in the deepened shadow,
I had built me a beautiful home;
In the midst of the lakes and the forests
It stood like a living poem.
I had children playing beside me,
I had wealth and a true-hearted friend,
No care to press heavily on me,
And all that the world could send.

And here, in the embers glowing,
I wove me a wonderful name—
The name of a poet and patriot,
With a world-wide whisper of fame.
But above all these pictures of glory,
There was one I had lain to my life:
This home was the case for the jewel,
My darling and beautiful wife!

The years have run swiftly to nothing,
And I sit by the fire and stare
In the glow of its embers vainly
For what I once pictured there.
There is only a clouded changing,
Where glimmers of light come out,
But before I can trace the picture
They vanish and leave me in doubt.

Ah! where are those beautiful pictures,
Those pictures I painted in light,
And why do I sit here lonely
On this chilly November night?
'Tis a tale of a terrible import;
I tremble, and shudder, and start,
Whenever, by day or by darkness,
I tell it into my own heart.

I worshiped her wondrous beauty,
I praised it in sunshine and storm;
Her dream-like face in its glory,
Her delicate roundness of form.
It was part of my love to tell it;
I gloated on what I had won.
Oh! would that my tongue had been speechless
Before the wild telling were done.

As soon would I thought to have doubted
The source of eternal life
As the purity, truth, and honor
Of my young and my beautiful wife.
O God! in thy mercy save me
From the memory of that day
When she fell from her truth and honor,
And passed from my side away.

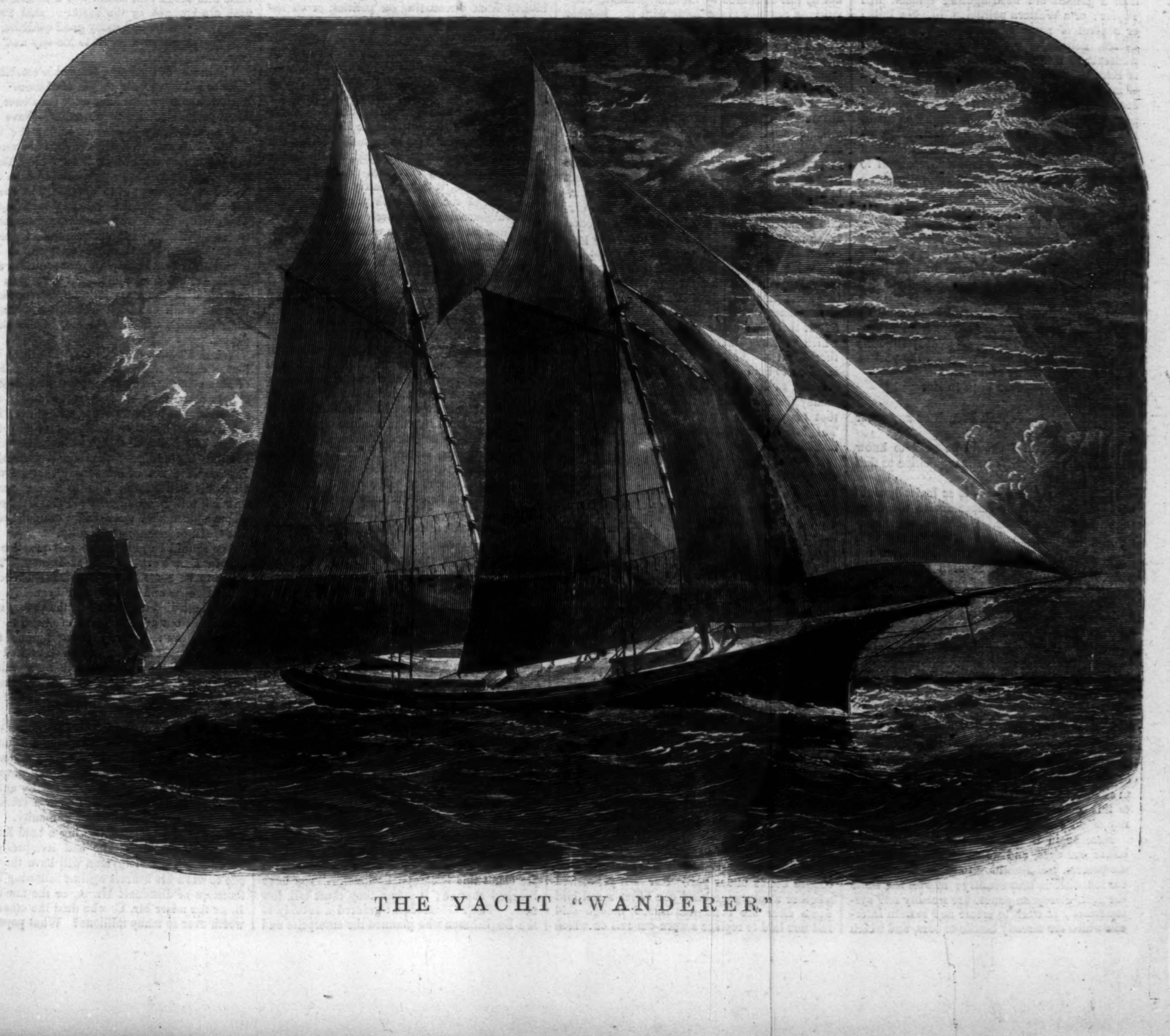
I have stood by the bedside cursing,
With my soul in a tumult wild,
When you took, in your gracious wisdom,
My only, my heart-born child.
As much, O God! as I loved her,
I bend to your stern decree,
Though it tears out my soul when I say it,
She is better in heaven with thee.

I have sat by this fireside trembling,
While the wealth I had madly won
Was passing away from my keeping,
Like mist from the morning sun.
It was something to mourn for a moment,
But I lived in the world alone,
And I gave up the gold and my trembling
With a single, silent moan.

I have drunk from the cup of sorrow,
And eaten the bread of shame;
But of all that has passed before me
I was still in my heart the same.
But oh! this day thou hast crushed me—
This day, of all days of the year,
Thou hast left me here by my fireside,
With a shivering, deadly fear.

This day I have seen the woman
Who lay on my bosom for years—
The woman I worshiped in sunshine—
The woman I worshiped in tears.
She was old, and wan, and haggard—
I would that this saying were all;
But—she wore a dress that I gave her—
I gave her—before her fall.

It was ragged, and torn, and drabbled,
But I knew in an instant again
The horrible shade of each color,
That burned to my quivering brain.



THE YACHT "WANDERER."

I have seen her the star of the evening,
Wearing that robe of death,
When my heart overflowed with the praises
They spoke of her under the breath.

She was old, and wan, and haggard;
She was bleared, and drabbled, and torn;
But she was not worse than I am,
With the light of my life all gone.
I shut my eyes on the vision,
And I bowed my stricken head;
I only uttered one silent prayer—
"I would that she were dead!"

I am sitting here in the firelight,
But I can not trace a line;
The woman I loved in years agone
Stands with her life in mine.
God, in thy mercy listen to me,
Ere the light of my soul be fled—
Listen, and grant this single prayer—
"I would that she were dead!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 15, 1859.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

In moments of fond patriotic delusion, of pleasing national hallucination, we are apt to apply to our beloved country, and to our beloved selves, many high-sounding epithets and sesquipedalian phrases that a sober judgment can hardly uphold. Among these is the very diplomatic and statesmanlike expression at the head of this article—*Our Foreign Policy!*

One would really think, from the innumerable times that these words are used by honorable Representatives and more honorable Senators, by Secretaries and by Presidents, in newspapers, in orations, in Messages, that this country really had something like a line of conduct in regard to our foreign concerns—some notions—some traditions, at least—which might properly be called a Foreign Policy.

No greater error can be imagined or asserted. This country has no foreign policy whatever—nothing that can decently pretend to the name. Japan is not more destitute of a foreign policy than the United States.

How can it be otherwise? Every four years we put a new man at the helm. Sometimes, it is true, we select one who, from long service at home and abroad, may be truly called a veteran statesman, like Mr. Buchanan. Oftener we take a gallant old bush-fighting colonel, like Taylor; or a Western politician, like Mr. Polk; or a pivot of party combination, like General Pierce, neither of whom had any knowledge whatever of Europe or of any of the languages of Europe. Our Cabinets, again, are composed of men of the same class—men whose lives have been passed in domestic party management and party warfare. How on earth, or why on earth, should they take any care about our foreign affairs or our foreign policy? The next election in New York or Arkansas is more important to them than a score of European revolutions.

Look again at the men whom we send abroad as diplomats. Diplomats indeed! The foreign missions, with here and there rare exceptions, are notoriously given as the mere reward of political service at home; and fitness, whether resulting from residence abroad or knowledge of the European languages, is a positive disqualification.

"I desire, Sir," says General ——, a highly respectable Member of the House from Arkansas, "to recommend Mr. —— most strenuously as a very fit and proper person for the post of Minister to the Court of Turin."

"Has Mr. —— ever been in Europe?"

"No, Sir!"

"Does Mr. —— speak French or any other European tongue?"

"No, *Sir!* and I should be glad to know whether any such *aristocratic* requisition as that is to be made!"

Unhappily General —— is as logically right as he is indispensably important to the dominant party in Arkansas. Education is an aristocratic qualification; and all aristocracy with us being odious and leading to ostracism, the gentleman who has never seen Europe, who does not know a syllable of any foreign speech, is sent abroad, to wear a cocked hat and an embroidered coat, and draw his very comfortable salary.

And so our foreign affairs go. Here are all the great transit routes between our Atlantic and Pacific possessions left utterly at the mercy of hordes of ignorant and mongrel barbarians, with England and France directly and indirectly striving to get control of them; and, ten years after the golden discovery of California, all we have actually done for the protection of the great highway is to make a treaty (Monument of folly!) by which we have bound ourselves *not* to establish or exert any influence over that part of this continent so indispensable to the integrity of our empire. Oh! our Foreign Policy!

Here again is Mexico! crumbling to pieces before our eyes, and we sit stupidly gazing on the process, doing nothing to assert or maintain our influence in that country; and all the while the great European powers are steadily and systematically at work to create and sustain interests which are directly hostile to ours, and which some day must stand directly in our path of empire. Oh! our Foreign Policy!

And at the very time that all this is going on—while the currents of empire are in motion around us in every direction—while the unequaled individual energies of Americans are achieving marvels of every kind, we—the people, the politicians, the statesmen of this great country—like a parcel of Kilkenny tomcats, are snarling and snapping at each other over the Slavery bone, or the Tariff bone, or some bone or another, and eating each other up with infinite howling, and yelling, and clawing, and scratching—all our intelligence, all our energies absorbed in paltry questions of local policy and local plunder.

Away with the delusion of our having a *Foreign Policy!* Better than this state of things, let us recall our envoys and ministers, abolish our useless and expensive diplomatic establishment, and husband our resources till the nation has the will and the intelligence to enter upon the career of empire in a manner that becomes us.

HOW TO INVEST ONE'S MONEY.

Happily, the difficulty of finding an investment for money occurs to comparatively few people at this time; for the simple reason that much fewer people than usual made, in the year 1858, more money than they required for their household expenses. It was, emphatically, a year of small profits. Still there are some persons, even at the present time, who have more money than they can spend, and to them the following remarks are addressed:

Persons who are not engaged in commercial pursuits usually use their money in one or more of three ways. Either they buy real estate; or they buy stocks; or they discount commercial paper. An active-minded man, with a fair capital and some experience and leisure, will evidently prefer the last-mentioned investment. In ordinary times a shrewd man can make, without much risk, over ten per cent. on his money, by discounting good paper and using his facilities at the banks where he keeps his account. Many men make over twelve per cent. in this way, and do not lose one year's profits in ten years' business. But this employment of money will naturally be unpopular with those who seek freedom from care, anxiety, and labor. They will buy either land or stocks.

There is this to be said about land. It can not be lost or ruined by mismanagement. Revulsions can not make away with it. Neither wars nor other accidents can permanently affect it. A lot 25 by 100 in the city of New York, or a farm of fifty acres within a reasonable distance of a railway station, can not but increase in value as the country improves. No commercial or political combination or disaster can ultimately impair its real worth. It is a solid, reliable property. But the very reasons which are calculated to render real estate desirable property to hold operate with equal force against it. Persons who have real estate to sell expect to be paid for the advantages it possesses as compared with other kinds of property. The certain advance in its selling price is foreseen, and taken into account. A man who desires to purchase, therefore, must expect to pay not the real value at the present time but the prospective value ten years hence. Lots in the city, like acres on the Hudson or Long Island, or in Westchester or Richmond counties, are sold, not at their real value to-day, but at the price which they are likely to be worth in 1870, or thereabouts. The purchaser must make his mind up to hold the property, to pay taxes thereon, and to lose the interest on his purchase-money for ten years before he can really feel that his purchase is worth what he gave for it. This is a serious drawback to real estate as an investment.

As to stocks. There are but two kinds of stocks generally dealt in—State and city bonds, and railway stocks. As to the first, with few exceptions, the reliable descriptions are already selling at very high prices. The New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, United States, and other first-class securities, are all selling over par. The second-class State stocks—Virginias, Tennessees, Missouris, Louisianas, etc.—are between 90 and par, or thereabout. First-class city bonds are equally high. There are a few bonds of some Western cities, bearing high rates of interest, which may be bought at low prices; but they are subject to the eccentricities of Western legislation, and no prudent man would buy them as a permanent investment. Finally, there are railway stocks and bonds. At first blush, it does not appear that there can be any question of the real value of first or second mortgage bonds on the leading railroads of the North. But it must be remembered that there are many legal questions respecting railway securities which our courts have not yet settled, and which may seriously affect the value of even first mortgage bonds. For instance, it is not clear to what extent the usury laws in force in the various States may not invalidate the claims of bond-holders who bought bonds under par. Nor is it yet settled whether a mortgage bond can affect a rail laid down after the bond was issued, though said rail was laid to replace a worn-out rail on which the bond was secured. These and other questions must be determined by judgments of courts of final resort before even mortgage bonds on railway property can be classed as unquestionable securities. As to railway stocks, the experience of the last twelve months has convinced even the most incredulous that they can not be considered as property to be held for dividends. No railways in the North earned a fair income in the year 1858; most of them ceased to pass dividends; a few—such as the New York Central—perpetrated a cheap fraud, and borrowed money to pay their usual percentage of "profits." But the business of the year has convinced every sensible person that this class of securities must be carefully avoided by all who seek permanent and safe investments.

On the whole, we see no better employment for the money, by those who do not desire to devote their time to watching over their means, than the public loans which are about to offer. The United States issue ten millions of five per cents. on the 24th instant. They will probably be awarded between 103 and 104. Besides this, the Government will need to provide for $21,000,000 of Treasury notes which fall due this year. If they were funded, they could be sold at about 4½ per cent. for par. If they are reissued, the 5 per cents. will sell at a mere fraction over par. The State of New York wants $8,500,000. The city of New York is perpetually borrowing. Missouri will gladly sell 6 per cents. at 90. Wisconsin and Minnesota both want money, and are ready to pay for it. Of these securities there can be no question; and, as compared with real estate and railway property, they present advantages which should commend them to public favor.

THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.

We devote a large space this week to illustrations of the famous Tehuantepec route across Mexico. Many years have elapsed since this route was first pointed out; accident has retarded its practical development until the present time. We have now every reason to believe that it may be considered as a fixed fact, and that passengers between the Atlantic and Pacific States may safely elect to pursue it in preference to the Panama route, if they are so inclined.

We see in the French papers much idle talk about establishing kingdoms in Central America and Mexico. The French papers, being prohibited from discoursing on politics, or on religion, or on Great Britain, or on Spain, or on Austria, or on Germany, or on the Principalities, or on Russia, devote more attention to American affairs than usual. This is very natural, and we are glad to see that the Paris press is improving in its knowledge of American affairs. One of the leading Paris journals observes that the cars on the new Pacific Railroad have been twenty-seven days in traveling across the continent—a preposterous period, as our Gallic contemporary justly observes. At the present rate of progress, it may be fairly expected that by the end of the year, with proper study, the Parisian journalists may even learn that Governor Morgan has not been elected in the room of Mr. Buchanan, and that Michigan is not, as is vulgarly supposed on the Boulevards, the capital of Minnesota.

If, indeed, there be any serious foundation for the visions ventilated in the Paris press with regard to Central America, the Emperor will soon have work enough on his hands. He has asserted his mastery over the leading nations of Europe; he has made the name of France feared in Asia; he may naturally be tempted to air his new navy on the American shore. If he be serious in the attempt to control Central America, it is quite likely that, for the present, he may succeed. The United States will not go to war with him, bluster as the papers may. The American people will bide their time; and—though that time may not be far distant—when it comes, the chances are that no one but an antiquary will be able to afford any reliable information with regard to the present imperial family of France.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

There is something positively insulting in the neglect with which the United States are treated by the Atlantic Telegraph Company. That corporation intends to lay a new cable next year. It applies, accordingly, to Lord Derby for a guarantee of the interest on the amount required, and the newspapers say that the application will be successful. Not a word to the United States. Not a whisper even of the intentions of the Company to the people who illuminated all their chief cities and burned their metropolitan City Hall in honor of the telegraph. Not a sign to us who, only a few weeks ago, claimed the telegraph as a fruit of American ingenuity, American enterprise, and American skill. What a terrible insult is here!

It certainly looks as though the people of the United States were going to eat a little humble pie about this telegraph business. They have bragged enough; it seems they must talk low now. Their Government granted a subsidy to the Englishmen who planned the enterprise and furnished the means for its accomplishment; just as they granted enormous sums of money to the Collins line of steamers, which was controlled by a Liverpool firm. And after all, the telegraph turns out to be so English a scheme that even the designs of the Company are unknown here.

We stated many months since that so soon as the telegraph was in working order, the people of this country would discover that it was to all intents and purposes a British enterprise, which would, in case of need, be used against the United States just as naturally as the British fleet or a British battery. The failure of the enterprise has precipitated the verification of our statement.

It only remains for the people of this country to try what they can do toward the laying of a separate Atlantic Cable. A cable could be laid at a moderate expense between New England and Portugal; and it would, we imagine, be easy to obtain from the Government of Portugal the necessary guarantees for the safety of the enterprise in case of trouble in that kingdom. Such a line of telegraph would at all events be half American; and, in the event of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States, would enable this country to communicate freely with the European continent. Until some such cable is laid, Britannia, do what we may, will rule the sea, so far as telegraphs are concerned.

ABOUT DEAD MEN.

The old adage which, being enshrined in decent Latin, commands the respect of every one who does not understand that defunct tongue, declared that one should say nothing unpleasant of a man who was dead. The theory, apparently, was that death, like charity, covered a multitude of sins. Hence, though a man had led the life of a reprobate and a sinner, yet, when he was dead, it was proper to allude to him as a Christian and a saint. The most studious adherents of this principle were the old priests, who, as every one knows, buried, every day of their lives, the greatest reprobates in the world under the pleasing title of "brethren in Christ." In our day, the newspapers, after abusing a man to the hour of his death, no sooner receive the authentic announcement of his demise than they publish the most flattering obituary notices of his private and public career. And private individuals who made no secret of their firm belief that Smith was a villain in the flesh are brought, by the burial of said Smith, to confess that he had many good qualities, and was, on the whole, a credit to his day and generation.

The credit of deviating from this established practice belongs to the people of Boston. The Boston papers—which have more than once rendered yeoman service to journalism—have lately inaugurated the system of telling the truth about dead men. Within the past six months two prominent citizens of Boston have died—both millionaires—both men before whom common humanity was apt to cower. The one was Ebenezer Francis, the other was Augustus Thorndike. Both were unsavory individuals, whose only merit was their wealth. Under ordinary circumstances these men would have been lowered into pompous graves under a fire of clerical eulogies, and would have been duly canonized in the local journals. The fact is that the truth has been told about them, and their portraits drawn from life, in the Boston papers.

When Francis died, with nearly three millions of dollars to his credit in the various banks of Massachusetts, the newspapers described him simply as he was—a mean, sordid miser, without a thought beyond dollars, without the faintest trace of heart or sentiment of any kind. When Thorndike died, after elaborately disinheriting his children, the honest journals of Boston were not afraid to say that he was—what his will proved him to be—a narrow-minded, selfish, revengeful old curmudgeon, in whom spleen and spite had extinguished the last spark of generous humanity.

We should be glad to see this practice prevail in New York as well as Boston. There ought to be some distinction made between a Peter Cooper and an Ebenezer Francis. As it is, had both died in New York, the papers would have dealt out even measure of praise to both. Most men are tender of their posthumous fame. Were it generally understood that bad men would be denounced after death, many millionaires might try to redeem a life of grasping avarice by some good deeds at the close of their career.

We have in New York several rich men whose names are synonymous with trickery, fraud, and greed of gain. As the case stands, when they die, clergy, press, and people will fall down and worship the immensity of their estate, and will honor them as though they were a credit, instead of being a disgrace, to humanity. Who will set the example of drawing a bold line between the good and the bad, irrespective of wealth? What clergyman will have the courage to warn his hearers against following in the footsteps of dishonest Mr. A, or the mean Mr. B, or the miser Mr. C, who died the other day, worth ever so many millions? What paper will give us an honest biography of a bad rich man? Is all the truth-telling in the country exclusively confined to Boston?

THE LOUNGER.

ROBERT BURNS.

A HUNDRED years ago, on the 25th of January, 1759, Robert Burns was born in the humblest of clay cottages, near the town of Ayr, the Kirk of Alloway, and the old bridge of Doon. On the 25th of this January, 1859, in the great cities of another continent the most famous men are to meet and commemorate the birthday of the poor Scotch farmer's boy. In New York Bryant is to preside, and Halleck, who has sung well of the earlier poet, is to be present, and Beecher, whose heart is large enough for every kind of honest man, is to deliver an oration. In Boston Longfellow is to speak in the name of the poets, Everett of the orators, and Holmes of the wits. Lowell, also, who has sung of Burns, and the other men of whom Boston is proud, with the same reason that Cornelia was proud of her jewels, will show, by their presence, how they love the man, and honor the poet, Robert Burns.

As we write, we see a photograph of his birthplace. It is a low, long hovel of one story, heavily thatched. The wall is broken by two doors reaching to the roof; and two large windows with clumsy shutters outside, and a small square window of four panes. A sign under the eaves, by the side of the door, announces that this is the "Burns cottage. Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was born under this roof on the 25th of January, A.D. 1759," and the date of his death thirty-seven years afterward. On the other side of the door, as a pendant, is another sign with the proprietor's name; and in the middle, in large letters, "WINES." Beyond the cottage are a low hedge, and some trees; but the house is mournfully desolate.

"Yes, in that miserable bothy," says the Ettrick Shepherd "and in the depth of winter, was Robert Burns born, two years and a month after the marriage of his parents."

And here is another photograph of Alloway Kirk. It is an entirely roofless building, but with the stone walls and gables standing complete, and a stone belfry on one gable in which hangs a bell. In the gable end under the belfry there is a slab on which is a "Notice. Any person or persons found throwing stones at or otherwise injuring the bell or tomb-stones will be prosecuted." A large tree grows apparently within the area of the building, spreading its branches above the walls, and the grave-yard which surrounds the ruin is full of tomb-stones, some sharply cut and evidently new. The ruin is not beautiful, no vines cling to it and clamber over it; but all the tender interest and sympathy that belong to the story of Burns hang it with indescribable beauty.

And here is another photograph of the "Auld brig o' Doon." It is a winding, bowery stream; the shrubs creep to the edge and lean over the water; the banks and braes bloom fresh and fair, and the bridge leaps from shore to shore with a single arch. Through the arch another bridge is seen beyond. Lofty trees stand sentinels at the end of the "brig." All is tranquillity and summer. There are many places like it in romantic, pastoral beauty; but how few of such exquisite association!

"Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through yon flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return."

Here, finally, is Burns's monument at Ayr. He died at Dumfries on the 21st July, 1796, and his remains were placed under the monument on the 5th of June, 1815. It is a conspicuous, circular, open temple. Nine or ten Corinthian columns support a pediment around which are raised wreaths. The whole is surmounted with a rather awkward pedestal, supporting a tripod holding a vase. There are long and learned Latin inscriptions upon it. So much honor was showered upon Robert Burns when he was dead! The late Earl of Liverpool, commander of the cavalry of the Cinque Ports, quartered at Dumfries, marched as one of the chief mourners at the funeral of the dead Burns, but had always declined a personal introduction to the living poet!

But what are the Earls and the monuments? A hardy, weak, honest, tempted, staggering, falling, hopeful, humorous, humane, singer and sinner; by his sin a brother of ours, by his singing our master, comforter, and teacher. Robert Burns lived and loved, sang and died, a noble, sorrowing, suffering, human being, a kindly, kindling influence, as long as the human heart throbs, and longs, loves, aspires, and remembers.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

IN a city of New England a young handmaiden of the Mount Vernon fund was assigned to a certain district to canvass every house. Some people gave her large sums, some small, and some nothing at all. But she went piously to every door, and gave every body the opportunity of sharing in the good work. One day she went into a very humble shop, where an old woman sold cakes and candies, and stated her mission.

"My dear young lady," replied the old woman, looking at her sadly, "I have sold nothing to-day or yesterday; I have a family to support; and how do you think I can spare any thing for such a purpose?"

"Oh! I did not expect you to give me any thing," answered the young handmaiden; "but I thought you might like to have the chance, that you might not feel that you had been neglected."

The young lady turned to go, but the old woman looked so wistfully that she lingered at the door.

"I wish I could give you something," she said at length, earnestly.

"I will take the good wishes, and thank you kindly," replied the younger.

"I suppose you only take large sums of a dollar and more?" asked the other.

"Oh, no. I take any thing that any body chooses to give."

"Well, my young lady, it would do me good to give you something, for there is nobody I have ever read of whom I love as I do General Washington. I always cut out of the newspapers every scrap that tells about him, and lay it by to read at night after I have shut up my shop. I wish I could give you something."

She said it musingly and hesitatingly, and at last, after asking again whether any sum was not too small, she took a three cent piece from her pocket, and, handing it to the young woman, said, gently,

"There, it's nothing; and you won't put it down in your book, please; but I shall feel happier if I know I have done ever so small a thing for the honor of Washington."

FEE, FAW, FUM.

THERE are days in the summer when the wise people look up at the clear sky and say "There is thunder in the air," and sure enough, before sunset the heavens are torn with terrible tempests.

In like manner, there is a notable feeling of belligerance in the political atmosphere within a few weeks. Fee, faw, fum, I smell the blood of a Congressman. The most bellicose billets have been seen swaggering in newspapers. The honorable member for Arizona bites his thumb at the honorable member for Dacotah. Another honorable member burns for the blood that will not be shed, but despises that which is willing. Peace, peace! Touchstone was the wisest of all the fools. "*If* you said so, then I said so."

Nothing comes of it, of course, for nothing was meant to come. And who is not glad? Who wishes to read more horrors or more absurdities? Honor, in the sense of the duello, having gone out, why should not the duello follow? If the Hon. Smith goes out to the bloody field with the Hon. Jones, there is nothing but farce in the business; because the entire public knows perfectly well that the honorable gentlemen fired away, not because they were particularly anxious about any body's honor, but because they were afraid not to. That is the philosophy of the contemporary duel. There is some awful something which Bob Acres is afraid will say that he is a coward if he does not accept a challenge, and so he accepts it and runs the risk—or he corresponds himself out of the scrape. For suppose there is a difficulty involving the duello, immediately turn on a stream of ink, and you have blotted it out—nobody can find the point. Touchstone believed in the virtue of an *if*. How much trustier is the inkhorn!

Let us hope that Smith's bones will not be ground to make Jones's bread. Let every distinguished statesman, when he has become senator or representative, be allowed to charge base and infamous falsehood upon others of like dignity, but surely that ought to satisfy the extremest requirements of decency, humanity, and self-respect. The letters of public men are made free of the mails; they are making them equally free of good-manners; but the privilege ought to end somewhere. Let them be allowed to call each other evil names, but not to fight—and they will all cry "Amen!"

M. DE LAMARTINE.

THERE was lately some talk of renewing the effort to raise a sum of money for Lamartine in this country; but no effort could be more hopeless. For a very pretty problem for the mathematical might be thus stated: Given the present condition of the Mount Vernon subscription, to compute the probabilities of collecting a hundred thousand dollars for Lamartine.

The poor man has just completed the third year of his "Course of Literature," and bewails the tardy accumulation of francs upon the national subscription. He gives the natural history of his debts. He declares that he is not going to surrender his property to his creditors and leave France. "I work, and I mean to work. I do not despair: active patience will in the end overcome misfortune, and the saddest day has its morrow!"

Oh, Lamartine! Lamartine! How great wert thou in the days of Forty-eight, in the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, when the world looked on delighted, and saw a poet pacifying France and Europe! A sufficient voice was wanting; without it anarchy could hardly be stayed, and thy tongue was the lyre of Amphion; thou sangest back into their places the falling stones of the social structure! The one name every where repeated with enthusiasm and affection was that of Lamartine. Carlyle, indeed, sneered at rose-water; but a ship of state had better float in rose-water than go ashore upon the rocks of savage terrorism.

In the days of Forty-eight Lamartine did, in the most dramatic manner, a very great service to his country and to civilization. He established a claim which he should be the last person in the world to urge, and he is the first and most persistent. Yes: the author, hat in hand, begging an alms to save his ancestral acres, is a sight so pitiable that it almost blots from memory that of the poet ruling a wild crowd with eloquence. For a splendid service to his country his country had paid him with a splendid renown. Why should he stand beseeching it, year after year, to change it into francs?

There was once another author not far from France—a greater poet than Lamartine—one of the benefactors of mankind—one of the best-beloved of men. Of him, too, his country was proud: he was easily the first man of his time in literary renown. This author, too, fell into pecuniary distress. Probably there was no man in the world who had been touched, and delighted, and elevated by his sympathetic genius but would have gladly sought to help him in his straits had any chance been offered. It was not offered, nor demanded; but in his declining years this man addressed himself to the task of righting his affairs by hard, honest labor. The task was prodigious, and it was prodigiously performed; but it overwhelmed him. Weary year after year was consumed in the labor, until the brain wandered and the cunning hand dropped by his side. He died, in the press of the battle, like one of his own heroes of romance and chivalry, and the world wept over his grave as the dear mistresses of those heroes bewailed them. The end crowned the work, and showed that the man whom the world had loved and honored was a man indeed.

Can Lamartine remember Walter Scott, and ask another franc for charity?

MORE MOUNT VERNON.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Don't you think the *Weekly* is a little hard upon the effort for the purchase of Mount Vernon? Yours truly, A FRIEND."

Not at all. In the editorial columns, a week or two since, there was a statement of "the futile remarks" made by persons who wished to excuse themselves from giving to the fund. Certainly there was no unkindness in publicly stating what every body knows. The great fact of the whole matter is, not that we are going to buy Mount Vernon, but that the project has been presented to the country for nearly a year, and Mount Vernon is not yet purchased.

A FRIEND must see that there is great danger of Mount Vernon's becoming not a monument of our love of Washington, but of our regard for our own pockets. There are at least fifty thousand people in the city of New York able to give fifty cents to the fund, "and not know it." But they do not. And why not? Is there any other reason than that they don't care to? Do you say they ought to care to? Yes, but is not the moral value of the purchase to show that we *do* respect and love the memory of Washington, not that we ought to? Suppose by raking and scraping and incessant tugging and struggling the adequate sum is raised, and the bargain concluded, can it possibly have the dignity and beauty of an act of national gratitude and love and homage? You may carve over the portal "The nation to its Father," but on the reverse you must write "Much as ever," and let posterity puzzle over that, as we puzzle over Egyptian hieroglyphs, which are probably perfectly simple, if we only had the key.

There is another view worth considering. There is great truth in the editorial remark, that in this country we do not honor our famous men in this way. Nor is it any thing for which we can be blamed. If it were an indication of any want of real love and reverence for Washington, we might all be justly alarmed.

But why should we be troubled that we have not a certain way of showing our feeling? That is the substance of the question. It is a pity that the tomb of Washington should go to decay; but that can be very easily remedied, and will be, whatever may be the result of the effort to buy the whole estate.

And for one, the Lounger has often enough protested against the tendency to deify Washington. His whole value is lost to us the moment he ceases to be emphatically a man, and yet there is a popular superstition which refuses him his human traits. A great many good people fell into a passion of indignation because Thackeray represented Washington as a young hero of a certain period, acting like other young heroes of the same time, and like all young men.

"The slanderous British novelist!" cried they, "to tarnish the early fame of our greatest, most glorious, and best!"

Exactly, gentlemen, and how much do you subscribe for rescuing his tomb from his descendant?

"Not a cent. His descendant ought to be ashamed of himself for holding on to a few dirty acres as if they were made of gold dust!"

We may not wish to buy Mount Vernon, but we certainly have no right to traffic in emotion, and abuse Mr. Washington for not letting us gratify our sentiments of veneration at the rate of seventy-five thousand dollars, instead of two hundred thousand. Mr. Washington's general character is not in question. In this business he appears as a merchant—and so do we. And because we are mean enough to want to buy cheap, with great doubt of doing it at that, why should we abuse him for the meanness of wanting to sell dear?

Nobody can fail to honor the women who have undertaken this work, and who labor so earnestly for their object. And it will surely show nothing more than that they had mistakenly made their own form of respect the measure of that of their countrymen, if the terms of the sale are not fulfilled.

In any case an affected ignorance of what every body thinks and says is not advisable. A FRIEND sees ostriches all the time plunging their heads in the sand, and he can say whether they are hidden or not.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—CLYTUS, Cincinnati, is reminded that an editor must make the best paper he can for *all* his readers, and must consequently consider many circumstances that may not be known to any single one among them. A journal which aims to satisfy the largest number of readers, and to draw from sources which are often inaccessible to many of its friends, will often be exposed to individual criticism; but its conduct will, of course, be determined by the general satisfaction. Equally, of course, it is a blunder to insert any thing which is not generally intelligible; but is not the editor as good a judge of that as any of his readers? He is always glad to receive suggestions, and a good editor always considers them carefully; but in a paper evidently edited with care, it is fair to presume that any marked policy or custom is the result of experience and reflection.

—DES MOINES inquires about the comical genius of Americans. American literature has a certain vein of genuine humor, as in Irving, Holmes, Lowell, Cezzens, and others; but it is certainly deficient in that prompt, sparkling, grotesque, and burlesque fun which so sparkles and crackles in Dickens, Hood, Lamb, Thackeray, and the entire *Punch* literature. There is surely something ghastly in an American funny paper. The best things we do in that way are generally in a vein which has been opened over the sea; and if we depended entirely upon our own humor for our entertainment, American life would be a very solemn tea-party indeed.

—B. F. R. wishes to know who is the author of the beautiful poem,

"In Summer when the days were long."

It is seven years, nearly eight perhaps, that the Lounger was reading a *London Leader*, and was struck by the great beauty of that very poem, which was signed H. He "clipped it out," and it was published in the *Tribune*, from which it was copied into all the papers, and has crept into several collections. But the author is still unknown to the Lounger, who pleases himself with thinking that he first made the poem known in this country. Does any body know any thing more about it?

—A correspondent speaks very kindly of Mr. Buchanan Read's pictures, especially of the one now in this city, and which is owned by a Philadelphian:

"I am always at a loss to say whether Mr. Read excels most in color or in drawing. Here, as usual, the same excellence appears in both. This is an ambitious performance. It required consummate judgment to give the principal figure that airy grace necessary for the naiad of the falling stream; but Mr. Read has not been found wanting, and I am willing to pronounce this the most successful as well as the most difficult of his performances. Then again we have 'Hiawatha's Wooing,' an American subject painted at Rome, but painted in an American and not a Roman manner. Mr. Read does not get foreignized by his foreign wanderings."

—The Lounger can not recall the copy of verses of which E. G. S. writes.

—O. B. TUSE, as his name implies, is a member of the Momus Club, a set of jolly good fellows, who laugh at their own jokes and make themselves funny. The last comedy of the Club, it appears from his letter, was appointing O. B. Tuse a committee of one to discover the point of somebody's else joke, and to report "where the laugh came in." The Lounger is afraid the report and the laugh will come in together. He is very sorry he can not help his correspondent. There are so many jokes going nowadays that every body must find out the point of them for himself; and if you find they have none, why then, unluckily, the searcher becomes the butt of the company for trying to discover what does not exist.

—J. E. H., of Elmira, writes:

"In the *Weekly* for Christmas day a couple of epigrams were given as 'By R. Bulwer Lytton,' the first of which is as follows:

"'In ancient days—and no great loss—
They hung the knave upon the cross;
How differently they now behave,
And hang the cross upon the knave!'

"I wish to ask whether 'R. Bulwer Lytton' is a real personage and known to be the author of the above, or whether it is only an assumed name by a *modern*? And also, whether the epigram is correct as given above, or as I recollect to have seen it published anonymously many years ago, and which was as follows:

"'In ancient times the custom was
To hang the rogue upon the cross;
But now the custom is in vogue
To hang the cross upon the rogue.'"

The Lounger can not say which is the original form—but upon the other point he can inform his correspondent that *R* is a misprint for *E*, and that E. Bulwer Lytton *is* "a real personage" and a "*modern*" (author understood). He has written several novels, and a poem called the Siamese Twins.

—NIHIL NEMO, of Louisville, wishes more regularity in the supply of *Things Wise and Otherwise*. A very natural wish, and not very difficult to satisfy. The space, however, is often wisely employed otherwise, and whatever NEMO finds in it, if not wise, is very sure to be otherwise—so why should he complain?

—That fast friend, A CONSTANT READER, thanks the Lounger, in the name of the working men, for his labors in giving them information which they can not find any where else.

"I have searched in vain for the correct pronunciation of that very word [Piccolomini] in many places, and also in the list of modern geographical names at the end of Webster's Dictionary, the quartet edition. I hope the editor of that valluable work, Mr. Porter, will not fail to introduce it in the next edition. If it wouldn't be troubling you two much, there are two other words about the etymollogy of which I have been greatly puzzled."

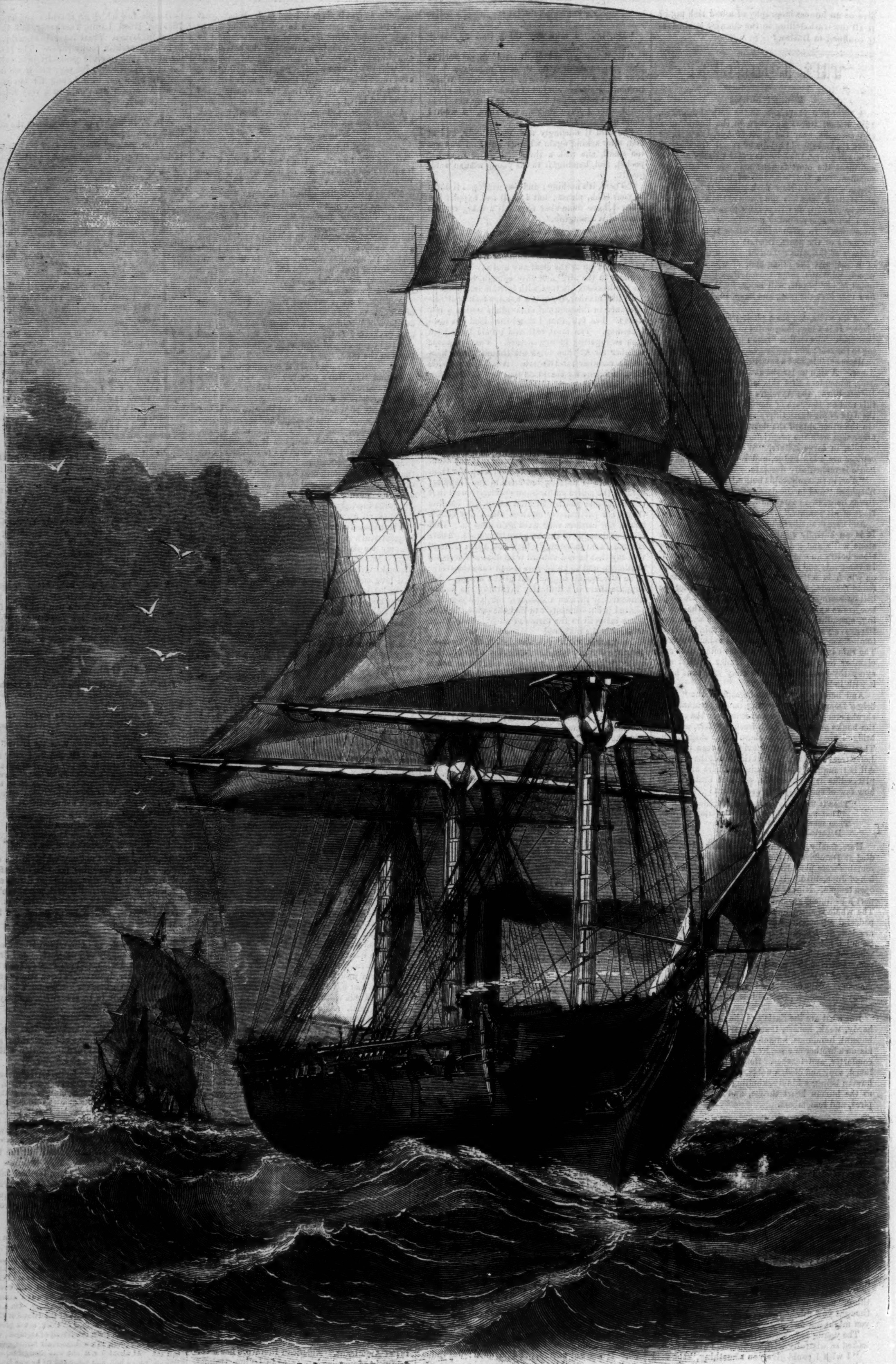
He then suggests two words; but the Lounger also has rights. He demands to know what a quartet edition of a dictionary is—how much two much is—and how to spell valuable and etymology? When he has received answers to these questions, he can enter upon the discussion of the words proposed in a more tranquil frame of mind.

—The Lounger has the following from an eye-witness of the voyage of the *Savannah*:

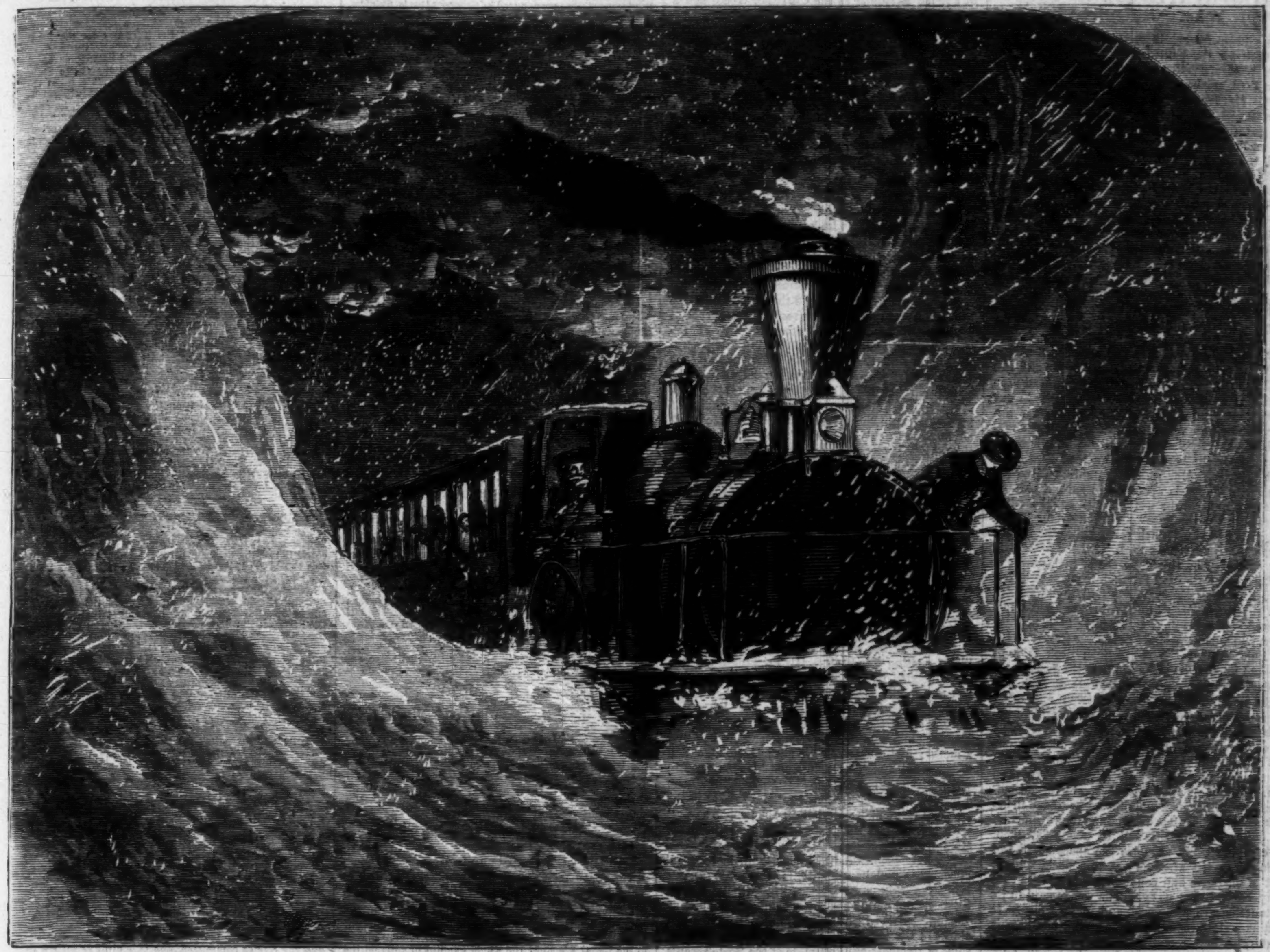
"DETROIT, *December*, 1858.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER.—In running over your valuable *Weekly* for November 20, I find an account of the sailing of the steamship *Savannah*, the first that ever crossed the Atlantic and the Baltic sea. I was a witness to her passing up the Baltic for St. Petersburg. On a fine, clear day in the Baltic sea, abreast of the Island of Gottland—calm—we, like the Admiral at Cork, saw a great smoke, supposed it to rise from the Island of Ogland; we, in the course of one hour, saw a three-mast full-rigged ship, no sail set. At about 3 P.M. she was alongside, exchanged signals, spoke her, and informed us he was bound for St. Petersburg to present her to the Emperor of Russia.

"Yours respectfully, CAPTAIN P. FEXTON."



THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "BROOKLYN."



RAILWAY TRAIN IN A SNOW-STORM.

STOPPED BY THE SNOW-DRIFT.

UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP OF WAR "BROOKLYN."

THIS beautiful specimen of naval architecture was built for the United States Government by Jacob A. Westervelt, and is now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, ready to receive her men, guns, and stores. Her length on deck is 247 feet, breadth of beam 43 feet, depth of hold 21½ feet, being 2000 tons, government measurement, and is rated at 14 guns on the navy register, although pierced for 26.

On the 27th of July last the *Brooklyn* was launched, and on the 1st of January, 1859, she took her place in the United States Navy. As a full description of her has already been given in the daily papers, we will only mention a few of her peculiarities of construction and design not embraced in any other similar vessel. Although by far the largest sloop of war in our navy, or in the world, and carrying, of course, the heaviest battery ever placed on the deck of any vessel of her class, still her draught is but 16 feet when fully equipped for sea. This is a desideratum which has been long sought for in our navy; but, unfortunately, up to the building of the *Brooklyn*, could not be obtained. The mystery is now solved, and the *Brooklyn's* model has already been taken as a type in the construction of vessels now building in our government yards. Her hull and spars are unsurpassed by any vessel in the world, all the material being of the choicest character, and the work performed by the best mechanics that New York could produce. Her gun-deck, unlike all other ships in the navy, is arranged in such a manner that every gun can be worked with equal facility and ease. She is pierced for twenty-four 9-inch shell guns and two 10-inch pivot guns, the weight of each being nearly six tons. All the hatch and mast combings on this deck are of mahogany; a wood never before used for such a purpose in our navy. All the spare spars required, together with three boats, are carried upon a bridge amid-ships, elevated above the deck sufficiently high to walk under, which is an entirely new arrangement. By this improvement the space upon deck is kept clear and unobstructed for working the guns. On this deck there are two water-closets at each end for the accommodation of ward-room and other officers; a great convenience, and one seldom appreciated in the construction of our war-vessels. Her cables are all worked upon this deck by one of William Skiddy's improved capstans, considered the best now in use by all who have tried them. Below, on the berth-deck, are the accommodations for her men and officers, arranged in accordance with the latest designs and improvements. Her entire complement will be about 300 men. The captain's cabin occupies the space of 25 feet in length at the after end of this deck, and in point of elegance and convenience surpasses that of any vessel in our navy. The woods used in its construction are rose-wood and white holly. It contains a state-room for the captain, one for his secretary, a bath-room, water-closet, pantry, and store-room. The entrance is from the gun-deck by a circular stairway of mahogany. In the hold are stowed the iron water-tanks, magazines, bread-rooms, shell-rooms, cables, etc. The great object of interest here is the engine, built by James Murphy & Co., and admitted, by all who have examined it, to be as perfect as can be produced in the United States. The boilers are Martin's patent, now generally adopted in the naval service. Her propeller is of composition, 14 feet 6 inches in diameter, and weighing 13,500 pounds. It is arranged for hoisting on deck when not needed, and can be taken out of water by means of a capstan, arranged for the purpose, in less than two minutes. She is sparred precisely like sailing vessels of similar tonnage in the merchant service, her screw being merely an auxiliary affair. Her speed is estimated at ten knots under steam, when ready for sea. She will cost considerably less than one-half of the money spent in building the far-famed *Niagara*, and will be, in the opinion of many naval officers, a more efficient vessel as a man-of-war. The hull, while building, was subject to the inspection of Naval Constructor, Samuel M. Pook, while the supervision of the engine was allotted to Chief-Engineer, Daniel B. Martin; both of whom are justly celebrated for their high attainments and practical skill in their several departments. It is reported that she is to be fitted out immediately for a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico.

SNOW SCENES.

THE accompanying pictures will be recognized by all who have had the good or evil fortune to be caught in a snow-storm at the North while traveling. One of them represents a train caught in a drift, the angry locomotive looking fiercely, but helplessly, at the snow mountains reared across its path, and the engineers and brakemen vainly endeavoring to "see ahead." The other picture represents a sleigh, with extra teams attached, vainly struggling through a real "northeaster." Such scenes are pleasanter to imagine than to realize."

LITERARY.

THE POWER OF PRAYER, by Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime, D.D., published in this city by Scribner, is one of the most remarkable of the religious and historical books of the day, and demands the attention of every reader of our columns. It is a history of the recent astonishing revival of religion in America, and especially in New York—a history overwhelmingly interesting in its details. No such history has been written since Luke wrote the story of the Pentecost, for there has been no such subject to relate.

No man can pass by this remarkable event of the nineteenth century without profound admiration. Whether Christian or Jew, Mohammedan or Pagan, the philosophic man must pause to view the conversion of thousands on thousands of men to a creed so simple as the Christian creed, and a faith so pure and yet so different from the faith of men of the ordinary world. In this view alone the revival of 1858 is one of the great events of the Christian era. Its effects will be visible on the world a thousand years hence, and the Church will always regard it as one of the epochs in its history.

But this is a very worldly and commonplace view of the subject, which Dr. Prime's work is by no means calculated to encourage. For he, with the eye of a Christian philosopher, sees in this, the fourth great revival of the religion of the Cross, an evidence of the existence of a higher principle than human change (or conversion) from one to another mode of thinking; a higher power above the destinies of men; a God who hears and answers prayer. In other words, the great fact brought out by the book is the connection of the revival with prayer-meetings; and the story of these prayer-meetings—first in Fulton Street, and then here and there and every where in the broad land—the instances of individual conversion after special prayer—the growth and strengthening of the movement in answer to (or following after) earnest prayer—all these make up a logical sequence which we defy any sound mind to read without the conviction that this religious movement is the work of a Divine Being superintending the affairs of men—and is, in short, the work of God. We speak of the book in this way in order to call the attention of our readers who have no ordinary taste for religious books, to this, as one worthy every man's perusal.

The Christian reader will need only the name of the book to insure his interest in it. Sublime, indeed, to him is this history; and no household in America, where the faith of Christ is the ruling principle of life, will be without this thrilling record of His great work. No romance will crowd it out, for no romance can equal it in absorbing interest. Since the days of miracles no more startling accounts of the answers of God to prayer have been written.

Dr. Prime has proved himself eminently capable of writing this book. His prominent position in connection with the religious press of America has given him the best means to gather facts; while his peculiar power with the pen, his appreciation of all the finer feelings of human nature, his rare skill in sketching character as in pointing a moral; and, above all, his enthusiastic devotion to the service of his Master, and his eloquence in writing the praises of that Master, make the book a worthy record of the great religious event of the age, and one which will delight the reader, as well with the skill of the historian as with the great story which he writes.

A rarely beautiful little book, both in external appearance and in contents, is WILLIE WINKIE'S NURSERY SONGS OF SCOTLAND, edited by Mrs. Silsbee, and published by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. This edition is not, in all respects, a fac-simile of the European, as the editor has removed some of the most unintelligible of the Scotch words and phrases, and substituted those that American children can understand. In some instances we regret the change; but as a whole we are thankful for the book, and for the skill which Mrs. Silsbee has displayed in adapting it to our country. Some of these songs are beyond all praise, exquisite. Listen to this, which we quote entire:

ROSY-CHEEKED APPLES.

Come here, my bairnie,
  Come here to me;
Rosy-cheeked apples
  You shall have three.
All full of honey
  They dropped from the tree—
Like your bonny self,
  All the sweeter that they're wee.

Come here, my bairnie,
  Nor shake your fair head;
You are like my own bairn,
  Long—long dead.
Ah! for lack of nourishment
  He dropped from the tree—
Like your bonny self,
  All the sweeter he was wee!

Oh! old, frail folk
  Are like old fruit-trees;
They can not stand the gnarl
  Of the cold winter breeze.
But Heaven takes the fruit,
  Though earth forsake the tree;
And we mourn our fairy blossoms,
  All the sweeter that they're wee.

Come here, my bairnie,
  Come here to me;
Rosy-cheeked apples
  You shall have three.
All so full of honey
  They dropped from the tree—
Like your bonny self,
  All the sweeter they are wee.

This song will serve to give a fair idea of the character of the volume, and to commend it to mothers first, and to all lovers of the beautiful in song next.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, 4th January, the Senate met in the old chamber for the last time. Eloquent speeches on the associations connected with the room were made by the Vice-President and Senator Crittenden, after which the Senate removed to the new chamber. Senator Mallory reported a bill to build ten additional sloops of war. A long discussion took place on the motion of Senator Johnson instructing the Finance Committee to inquire into the feasibility of retrenching the public expenditure. Senator Hunter introduced the first Appropriation Bills of the season, viz., the Indian Pension and the Military Academy Bills.——In the House, Mr. Bernhisel moved that the Committee on Territories inquire into the expediency of completing the capital of Utah. Various reports were presented respecting works of internal improvement. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and adjourned.

On Wednesday, 5th, in the Senate, Senator Iverson moved for a commission to examine the yellow pine barrens of Georgia; referred. Senator Seward moved that the Judiciary Committee report whether more legislation is required to put down the slave-trade; adopted. Senator Wilson moved that an inquiry be made into the taxing of Government clerks for electioneering purposes; laid over. A message was received from the House announcing the death of General Quitman, and eulogies on the deceased were pronounced by Senators Davis, Shields, Ward, and Houston.——The House was occupied all day in the ceremonies relating to the death of General Quitman. Speeches were made by Messrs. Bonham, Wright, Thompson, Moore, Curtis, and Bowie.

On Thursday, 6th, in the Senate, the new Leavenworth (Kansas) Constitution was presented by Senator Seward; referred. The French Spoliation Bill was taken up by a vote of twenty-four to eighteen, and a speech made thereon by Senator Crittenden. The Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up, and speeches made thereon by Senators Bigler, Harlan, and Iverson.——In the House, leave was refused to introduce a bill granting land to Kansas and Nebraska for the construction of railroads. The bill for the Codification of the Revenue Laws was then taken up, and a speech made thereon by Mr. John Cochrane. The Indian Appropriation bill was then taken up, and speeches, mostly irrelevant, were made by Messrs. Lovejoy, Phelps, Bryan, and Giddings. An amendment by Mr. Lovejoy was rejected.

On Friday, 7th, in the Senate, various petitions and reports were presented. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Senator Seward, calling for correspondence with the British Government on the *Wanderer* case. The French Spoliation Bill and the Pacific Railroad Bill were then taken up successively, and speeches made by Senators Shields, Doolittle, and Trumbull.——In the House, much business of a private nature was transacted. Mr. Stephens announced that the Oregon Bill was in his desk.

On Saturday, 8th, in the House, a message was received from the President, accompanying reports from the Secretary of the Treasury and Postmaster-General, relative to the abrogation of the mail contracts of Cormack and Ramsey. The documents were referred to the Judiciary Committee. The Secretary of the Interior was called upon by resolution for information as to whether the Rock Island military reservation has been transferred from the War to the Interior Department, and thrown open to settlers. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, calling on the Secretary of War for a statement of the cost, for ten years, of barracks, officers' quarters, etc. The House then adjourned, three or four motions with that object having previously been made.

On Monday, 10th, in the Senate, after the presentation of petitions in favor of the Old Soldiers' Pension and the Homestead bills, the introduction of a bill abolishing the franking privilege, and a proposition to devote Friday and Saturday of each week to the consideration of private claims, the French Spoliation Bill was taken up. Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, made a speech against the bill, to which Mr. Crittenden replied. The question was then taken, and the bill passed by a vote of 26 to 20. The bill appropriates $5,000,000 to satisfy the claims of American citizens for spoliations committed by the French prior to the 31st of July, 1801. The bill making provision for the support of the Military Academy at West Point was passed. A resolution to admit to the floor of the Senate only members and clerks of the House, foreign ministers, members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court Judges, ex-Presidents, and ex-Vice-Presidents and ex-Senators, was adopted. Mr. Douglas took his seat, for the first time this session.——In the House a resolution, calling for all the correspondence of our Government with France and Great Britain having reference to the cession of Cuba to the United States, was adopted. Leave to offer a joint resolution requesting the President to interfere in the Mortara case was refused. In Committee of the Whole the Indian Appropriation, the Old Soldiers' Pension Bill, the condition of our foreign relations, and the state of our political parties, were discussed. Finally, the Committee rose, and the Indian Appropriation Bill was passed, and the House adjourned.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

The Legislature of New York was organized on 4th, and the Governor's Message was delivered immediately thereafter. The Message is comparatively brief but business-like, a goodly portion of it being confined to the financial affairs of the State. The funded debt is about $31,000,000, of which upward of $24,000,000 are placed to the Canal account; the whole amount of tolls on the canals for the financial year was $2,072,000, not enough by upward of $700,000 to pay the current expenses, together with the interest on the debt and other claims chargeable upon the canal revenues; altogether, the Governor thinks, a rather unfavorable *exposé* of the financial affairs of our canals. He proposes, however, to push the enlargement to a speedy completion, thinking the amount required for that purpose small compared with the millions already spent, and he urges upon the Legislature the necessity of devising ways and means to accomplish so desirable a result. Aside from the deficiency in the Canal fund, an actual deficiency of $460,000 also exists in the general revenue. The free banking system is working satisfactorily and securely. The failure of several railroads to comply with the provision of the act requiring of them to send annual reports of their operations to the State Engineer, prevents the Governor from giving accurate statistics in that matter, but he falls back upon the returns of 1857, and the facts he gleans from those show a very disastrous state of affairs of the eighty-eight road corporations in the State, costing nearly $137,000,000. Only fourteen paid dividends to stockholders in 1857. These roads have a funded debt of nearly $64,000,000, and a floating debt of upward of $45,000,000.

Referring to Quarantine matters, the Governor intimates that there are still hopes that Sandy Hook may yet be obtained as a sanitary establishment, with the consent of New Jersey. The prisons and the various eleemosynary institutions of the State are all in a satisfactory condition.

Various other topics are touched upon briefly. The lobbying system is condemned, and the Governor condemns it with some severity, and expresses his determination to discourage it by disapproving all bills which he shall have good reason to believe have been passed through its efforts. The Message closes with a glance at the question of slavery, on which the Governor uses strong language.

He asserts that New York has always maintained a conservative attitude toward her sister States, which cherish systems of labor different from her own; but, while disclaiming all right or wish to interfere with the domestic concerns of any community outside of her own limits, she insists on her right to maintain, wherever the issue shall be legitimately presented, the superiority of liberty over slavery, whether as a condition of personal enjoyment, of intellectual and moral development, or of social and general well-being.

Mr. Littlejohn, Republican, was chosen Speaker on the first ballot.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Governor Banks was inaugurated on 7th inst., and delivered his Message to both branches of the Legislature. It is quite lengthy, exclusively confined to State matters, and gives an encouraging account of the material progress of the Commonwealth.

The Bank returns show that, while the specie in banks has been increased to $11,112,715 against $3,611,097 last year, the loans have been increased in the same period of time from $92,458,572 to $101,662,947, indicating that the ability and confidence derived from a larger amount of specie has enabled the banks to increase the amount of loans, from which their profits are derived.

The expenditure of the past year for educational purposes was $1,474,488. The number of children between 5 and 15 years of age is 223,304, of which 218,198 have been in attendance upon the schools during the year, showing an increase in attendance of 15,167 pupils on last year. The School Fund from which our system of schools is supported is about $1,500,000.

The Governor recommends the School Fund to be increased to three millions, from the sale of land on the Back Bay.

The public debt is $1,314,000, for the payment of which, as it becomes due, the most ample provision and security has been made.

The Message recommends retrenchment in County expenditures, especially in Suffolk County.

The Governor makes no allusion whatever to National politics.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Message of the Governor of Pennsylvania states that the finances of the State are in a most satisfactory condition. The receipts at the Treasury for the fiscal year were over four millions; the expenditures were three millions and three-quarters; the balance on hand is over three-quarters of a million, and the entire State debt nearly forty millions. He recommends a great reduction in the public debt, looking toward its extinguishment. Speaking of the sale of the Main Line, he says that after the contract for the sale of the Delaware Division was entered into he was informed higher prices were offered by responsible parties, but in his opinion it was then too late. Prospects of the early competition of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad are very encouraging. The eleven thousand public schools cost $2,500,000. Regarding the banks, he recommends a careful inquiry into the present condition of Tioga County and Crawford County Banks, and the Bank of Shamokin. He reiterates the opinion, expressed in a former Message, that there should be no further increase of banks or banking capital under the present system. He informs the Legislature he can not approve of any bills chartering additional banks without a radical change in the system. He recommends that certificates of loan be issued to the General Government or Commonwealth at a value to be fixed upon, with power to require additional deposits of security as the loans depreciate in the market. The present condition of the revenue of the General Government demonstrates an urgent necessity for increased duties upon foreign importations, and the Governor indorses the views of the President relative to the change proposed by specific duties. The concluding portion of the Message is devoted to Kansas. He regrets to say that under various pretenses the sacred right of franchise has been virtually withheld from the people of that Territory. Regarding the theory that henceforward it is to be the duty of Congress to protect Slavery in the Territories, which extraordinary assumption is alleged to exist in the decision of the Supreme Court, he says he is yet to be convinced that any such construction can be fairly given to their action in the Dred Scott case. Such a doctrine, he adds, no matter how sanctioned, will shake the pillars of our constitutional fabric.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

The Annual Message of Governor Chase, of Ohio, relates chiefly to the past social progress and present social condition of the State. In 1850 the population of Ohio was 1,980,000; it is now 2,420,000. In 1853 the Common Schools of the State were 5984; they are now 12,500, and Governor Chase bears testimony to their efficiency. He recommends the establishment of Normal Schools for the education of teachers. The benevolent institutions of the State are also in a prosperous condition; the insane, the idiotic, the blind, and the deaf and dumb being properly cared for and instructed. Governor Chase gives an interesting view of pauperism. The number of the poor in Houses of Refuge is 2800, and the number receiving out-door relief 12,000 more, which is about one indigent for 162 of population. The crime is considerable, but not so great, proportionably, as in other districts of the country. The number of indictments for crime, during the past year, was about 3000; the number of police arrests for crimes against the State, not prosecuted by indictment, was about 3200; the number of arrests for offenses against police ordinances, 4686; making the number of arrests for crimes and offenses of lower grade 11,486. The murders during the year were 80, and the suicides 65. The proportion of crimes and offenses to the population was one in 203; the proportion of offenders being, of course, somewhat less. The proportion of murders was one to 30,000; that of suicides one to 36,923. The infrequency of convictions would seem to indicate a defective administration of criminal justice. The reason for this, in the case of higher crimes, Governor Chase states thus:

"I am persuaded that, in many instances, murder escapes all punishment, or all adequate punishment, through the reluctance of juries to find verdicts which must necessarily be followed by sentence of death."

Governor Chase is decidedly of the opinion that one-half the crimes committed, and four-fifths of all the police offenses, are due to the intemperate use of ardent spirits; while he ascribes to the same baneful agent a great deal of the lunacy, pauperism, and disease which exists. He recommends the construction of an asylum for inebriates. The administration of civil justice has not disappointed the advocates of an elective judiciary.

From the social condition of the State the Governor turns to its political affairs, of which he presents a satisfactory exhibit. The finances are easy, the public works well managed, and the general prospects of all departments of administration encouraging. The agricultural interests of the State are also recovering from the depression of the past year.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

Governor Willard, of Indiana, delivered his Message to the Legislature on the 7th. He recommends the erection of suitable buildings for the use of the State offices, for the Judges of the Supreme Court, and for the depository of the public records of the State. He says that the revenues of the Wabash and Erie Canal have greatly diminished; that it is feared they will prove inadequate to keep the canal in repair; that the bond-holders are unwilling to sustain the work by any other means than those derived from the revenues, having already invested half the entire debt of the State in the work itself, besides eight hundred thousand dollars for its completion, and that they have informed the Board of Trustees of their determination to close the canal and abandon the work whenever the revenues become inadequate. He calls the attention of the Legislature to the necessity of increasing the salaries of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and the Governor's salary. He says that the laws of the State in regard to the qualifications of voters and election officers are inadequate, and that a law should be passed inflicting severe penalties on election officers who decline to receive legal or admit illegal votes. He recommends also an appropriation to be made for the enlargement of the Insane Asylum.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

Governor Morrill, of Maine, in his Message, adverts to the financial condition of the State, and says it demands the most exact economy in the public service. The expenditures have been constantly augmenting until the ordinary receipts are behind the annual demands, and the annual expenditure now averages $164,000 over the annual average of ten years ago. This increase is attributable to the more wise and liberal policy for the promotion of education, agriculture, etc.; but there is still great vigilance and watchfulness needed. The receipts of the year are estimated at $368,000, and the expenditures at $431,000. The Governor urges a large reduction in the legislative expenses, and recommends biennial sessions. He then speaks of the needs of the agricultural interest and the capacities of settling lands. He refers to the Arostook emigration; but, without any definite recommendation as to State aid, he leaves the matter to the Legislature. He recommends a State Normal School, and also a renewal of the authority to the Land Agent to grant permits to cut timber on the public lands. He refers to an official investigation of the alleged frauds in the recent election at the Madawaska settlements, and suggests additional legislation to preserve the purity of the ballot-box. He closes upon the subject of Federal relations, and says that State rights should be vigilantly guarded. He regards the new policy of the Federal Government upon the Slavery question as injurious to the rights of the free States; and calls upon the Legislature and people to maintain their resistance to the extension of slavery.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF DELAWARE.

The Legislature of Delaware met at Dover on Tuesday, and was duly organized. Mr. R. Carlisle was chosen Speaker of the Senate, and W. F. Jackson Speaker of the House. The Message of Governor Causay was received and read. He recommends that the faith of the State be pledged in order to raise the necessary means for building and extending railroads through and from it. He advises an alteration in the present Public School system, and the adoption of some new plan for the better education of the children. He favors an amendment of the tariff, and recommends that the Senators and Representatives from that State in Congress be instructed by the Legislature to use their influence to restore the tariff of 1842.

THE STATE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

A writer in the *Times* who has conversed with an operator just from Trinity Bay, says: "The feeling among the operators and others who are well acquainted with the situation of the cable is one of much confidence that it will yet be put in a condition to transmit messages without difficulty. Four or five operators, including Mr. De Sauty, are yet remaining at Cyrus Station, and day and night duty is kept up; the least deflections of the galvanometer are carefully watched, and will be reported to the Directors. When Mr. Gerhardi left the station, on the 16th of December, there were constant evidences, by currents passing over the cable, that it was unbroken, although they were not sufficiently intelligible to be made out. Mr. Gerhardi expresses the greatest confidence that if the present cable is not restored to a condition to be used, another cable will be laid down at no distant day. He also certifies with much earnestness to the entire willingness of Mr. De Sauty to communicate whatever is of the slightest interest to the public relating to the line, in proof of which he cites several instances in which he has volunteered to notify the New York Telegraphic Agent of the evidences of the existence of continuity in the cable."

HOW THE FILIBUSTERS GOT HOME.

The Mobile *Mercury* contains the statement of Captain Maury, of the schooner *Susan*. He says the *Susan* was driven on the Honduras coast by adverse winds. On the 16th, at three in the morning, saw breakers under her lee-bow. The helmsman mistook the order, and the *Susan*, under eight knots headway, went on to a sunken coral reef, bilged, and broke in two. The foremast was cut away, and the mainmast went by the board. At daybreak a raft was commenced, and after six days' labor it was completed, and the filibusters reached a small island. Maury and Anderson went to Belize in a small boat, where a charter was arranged for the brig *Kate*, but Captain Goodspeed refused to sail with filibusters. Captain Bates, of the American bark *Honduras*, offered some of the leaders a free passage to New York, which they declined.

Admiral Seymour, hearing of their predicament, invited Captain Maury to call, and asked the particulars of his voyage, and especially what had been done with Lieutenant Whyte. He then said, if they could do no better, he would send them to the United States in the British six-gun steam-sloop *Basilisk*. As they had violated no law of England, he regarded them simply as shipwrecked United States citizens. He did not inquire into their original intentions. He gave Captain Maury one hour to decide. Admiral Seymour went himself to the reef, and told the "boys" they were in the sacred character of guests; and then leaving, sent them on to Mobile. The Mobile papers call for a demonstration in honor of the *Basilisk*.

WHO WROTE THE HULSEMANN LETTER?

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *American* writes:

"Mr. Hulsemann, the Austrian Minister, will return home in a month, and close his establishment here, owing to the death of a brother. It is not yet certain whether he will resume the mission again. His principal diplomatic notoriety was derived from a memorable letter, addressed to him by Mr. Webster, the paternity of which, since his death, has been ascribed to Edward Everett. As the fact is a historical one of some importance, it may not be out of place now to say, in this connection, that the letter in question was not written by Mr. Webster nor Mr. Everett, but by William Hunter, the modest and able Chief Clerk of the Department of State. The original draft of that paper was submitted to another person before it was ever seen by either of the parties whose names have been so habitually associated with it in the public mind, and though it may have received, and probably did receive, certain finishing touches and turns of phraseology from the hand of Mr. Everett, it is now substantially what it was when it left the possession of the real author, who never permitted even a pretension to be suggested when the production excited so much comment and admiration, nor since then. The information came to me by mere accident, and is now disclosed without the possibility of any knowledge on the part of the person most interested."

PERSONAL.

The latest intelligence from ex-President Pierce is from Naples, December 2, where he remained a week, but was then making preparation, in obedience to medical advice, to go to the Island of Capri, for the benefit of Mrs. Pierce, the state of whose health, her friends will be pained to learn, is far from encouraging. She has suffered much from the damp, cold air of Florence and its surroundings.

The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* says: "The New Year's calls at the 'White House' yesterday were comparatively thin. A gauntlet of policemen from the outer door to the President's apartment, compelling every visitor to present himself to the President, whether he would or not, was repulsive to hundreds, who refused to enter the building, but turned away. Mrs. Senator Crittenden and Mrs. Chandler entertained elegantly at the 'National' during the outgoing of the old year and the incoming of the new."

It is proposed to give a grand subscription ball in Washington in honor of Lord and Lady Napier, whose departure is generally regretted. There are precedents for this demonstration. A brilliant ball was given here in compliment to M. and Madame Hyde de Neuville upon their departure, and also to Sir Charles and Lady Bagot. A public dinner was given to Mr. Vaughan upon the eve of his first departure, and another when he returned as Sir Charles Vaughan. It is proposed that gentlemen in several of the principal Northern cities be invited to take part in the complimentary testimonial on the present occasion.

In a letter received from the Hon. William B. Reed by a friend in Philadelphia, he states that he expected to leave Hong Kong, on his way home, on the 1st of December, *via* Bombay, and then take the overland European route, so as to reach America in March next. At the time of writing Mr. Reed was engaged in arranging the revised tariff, in connection with Lord Elgin and the Chinese Commissioner. Mr. Reed had just returned from Japan, and speaks of that country as surpassingly beautiful, and the people conciliatory and agreeable in their intercourse with strangers.

The *Union* learns by a letter from Rome that, on the 28th of November, Mr. Cass, who has been for some years the American Minister at that place, took leave of the Pope, and presented Mr. Stockton as his successor. Upon this occasion the Pope expressed very kind personal feelings toward Mr. Cass; and, as a testimonial of his regard, he sent him the next day a magnificent marble bust of himself.

While taking his coffee on Saturday morning in Buffalo, the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, of Rochester, received a note, opened it, read it, smiled, and put the contents ($2000) in his vest pocket. He was formerly pastor of St. John's Church in that city, but is now of Christ Church, St. Louis. Several Buffalo friends contributed the handsome surprise.

A public dinner was tendered to ex-Governor King on his retirement from office, on the 1st instant, by a large number of the solid men of Albany, of all parties, at the head of whom was General Stephen Van Rensselaer. His Excellency declined the honor in a feeling letter.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* called on the President on New-Year's Day, and had the privilege of shaking hands with Miss Lane, and having his pocket picked simultaneously, in the presence of a strong force of Irish police. All this was accomplished to the tune of the Star-Spangled Banner, played by a feeble band in an invisible chamber.

Mr. Hiram Fuller, late editor of the New York *Mirror*, sailed for Europe by the *Asia* on Wednesday last. He goes to London, we believe, with a view to the establishment of a cheap daily journal on the American plan.

Mr. Machado of this city has gone into the business of introducing camels into the United States, with a view of their introduction not only for the use of the army, but for agricultural purposes. Mr. Machado has already imported one hundred camels into Texas, and has brought a dozen of them to New Orleans, where he at present is.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

STATE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

THE Directors of the Atlantic telegraph have published a report to their stockholders, in which they say:

"The Directors are very sorry to report they have just received intelligence of a new and serious defect in the cable which has been developed on the Newfoundland side—appearing, by the tests, to be about four hundred miles from the station. The fault would seem to be similar in its character to that near Ireland, and differs little from it in magnitude. The Directors do not venture at present to give an opinion as to the cause of these defects or of the present condition of the cable, beyond suggesting that the various coilings and uncoilings to which it has been subjected, and the severe treatment some portion of it must necessarily have sustained during the repeated gales of last June, may in all probability have so far strained it, in one or more places, as to produce faults into which the water has gradually found its way, and which may have been further enlarged by the use of a great amount of battery power. As to the future of the existing cable, the Directors believe it can only be got to work again by under-running, or otherwise raising and mechanically repairing it, although Mr. Henley and others are even now engaged in various investigations, in the hope of possibly bringing about some partially useful results independently of that process. To have attempted to underrun the cable to any distance during the continuous bad weather which has recently prevailed in the Atlantic would have been the height of imprudence, and considering this circumstance in connection with the present financial condition of the Company, the Directors have felt it their duty to decline, for the present, to enter upon so extensive an undertaking, and one which, during the prevalence of heavy seas, would be so fraught with risk of absolute and final ruin to the property under their charge."

NEW TELEGRAPHS.

The *Times*, in an article on submarine telegraphs, says, that since the laying of the cable at least eight or ten fresh plans have been put forth, and draws special attention to the "Great Ocean Telegraph Company," which proposes to submerge a cable direct from the Land's End, in England, to Halifax. It is proposed that the cable shall be constructed on Allan's system, which does away entirely with the outside covering of wire, and makes the conductor of the cable its main strength, thereby reducing its weight to ten cwt. per mile.

A South Atlantic telegraph is projected. The line would start from Falmouth, and touching at Cape Finisterre, Lisbon, Cape St. Vincent (with a branch to Cadiz and Gibraltar), the Canaries (with a branch to Madeira), the Cape de Verde Islands, and the Islands St. Paul and Noronha, it will arrive at or near Pernambuco, in the Brazils. A land telegraph will continue this line through the Brazilian territory as far as Para, whence a submarine line will be carried to the British settlement of Demerara, in Guiana. From here a combination of land and submarine wires will be constructed through the principal West Indian Islands to New Orleans in the United States, where it will join the network of existing telegraphs belonging to the American companies.

ADULTERATION OF EGGS.

The public has lately heard much about the adulteration of various kinds of food, and yet it is not aware that a large proportion of the eggs that are now being eaten in London are what is called by the cheese-mongers "pickled eggs." This "pickling" is done during summer, while eggs are at a low price, by mixing lime and water in casks, and filling the casks with eggs, permitting them to lie four or six months in this hot lime mixture, thus destroying all the natural flavor and nutritive power of the eggs, rendering them insipid to the taste and impregnated with a strong decoction of lime, which is injurious to the stomach. Pickled eggs look very white and clean, resembling new-laid eggs, and are sold in winter, when good fresh eggs are scarce and dear. They may be known by the following signs: The feel of the shell is rough, from sometimes part of the lime not having been quite washed off; they feel cold and damp, as the life of the egg is destroyed and partly wasted inside, whereas a good egg is always dry to the touch, life existing in it. Through lime-gas in pickled eggs they often burst when put into boiling water, and will always be found partly empty, or with a few drops of lime-water in them, when cooked.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "VESTIGES OF CREATION."

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect that the rumor (denied at the time) that Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, was the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," is confirmed by the new British Museum catalogue. It may be as well to state, says a London paper, in settling the parentage of this work, that Mr. Page, the author of several valuable treatises on geology, assisted Mr. Chambers in the production of "Vestiges."

RELIGIOUS FRENZY.

The Kilkenny *Moderator* gives currency to the subjoined story: "On Sunday evening last a scene of the most extraordinary kind, and which well-nigh resulted in serious injury to many of the congregation, occurred at the Roman Catholic Cathedral in our city, in the course of the ministrations of the Redemptorist Fathers, at present on a mission here. It appears that one of the missionaries was preaching to a vast congregation, densely packed within a building which, although very large, was scarcely sufficient to accommodate so great an assemblage. As well as we can understand the current reports, the subject of the sermon was the doctrine of the Real Presence, and the preacher enforced the views of the Church of Rome on that subject with great energy and eloquence, and in such a manner as to excite to a high pitch the feelings of his hearers; so that when suddenly at his direction the tabernacle was unveiled, all looked to it with one accord, and a murmur arose that the Saviour was about to appear to their eyes in the shape in which He had been before seen on earth. Those who were situate as to their position in the building as not to be able properly to see the tabernacle rushed forward, and urged on those before them, causing such a degree of pressure as to break down and force forward some seats and benches, and crush the occupants. Shrieks of pain and terror arose, and a fearful scene of confusion and dismay ensued, which was with difficulty prevented from spreading into a terrific panic. As it was, several persons, of various grades in society, received severe bruises, from which they are still suffering and under medical treatment; but, providentially, no life was lost, nor have we heard that any serious casualty occurred. The result was that on Monday the cathedral was closed, although large crowds flocked to the usual morning service, which, since the arrival of the Redemptorists, has been held at five o'clock A.M. It was rumored that the Roman Catholic bishop had refused to sanction a resumption of the mission here; but we have been informed since that the ministrations of the missionaries are not to be discontinued, but that admission to the services is to be in future regulated by tickets."

FRANCE.

THE NEW PARIS BANK.

The statutes for a great discount bank, to be called the Imperial Discount Bank, have been laid before the Council of State. The capital is to be 60,000,000 francs, of which one-third is to be applied to discount commercial bills having ninety days to run. It will be allowed to lend money on dock-warrants and other securities. A third of the capital is to be devoted to mortgages. The last third is to be employed in support of public credit. All its stock exchange operations must be made for cash.

TREASURE TROVE AT PARIS.

An account was given about a year ago of eight large bags filled with silver coin, of the years 1790, 1791, and 1792, having been found secreted in an old abandoned closet in a house in the Rue des Carmes, since demolished for the new Rue des Ecoles. To two of the bags was a paper stuck on with wax, bearing the inscription, "Mgr. Hachette, Bishop of Glandèves;" four others bore papers on which was written, "Abbé Duclos, curate of the Church St. Jacques du Haut Pas, Paris;" the two others had no inscription, but as the four were numbered 1, 3, 5, and 6, it seemed likely that they had borne 2 and 4. In addition to this, two playing cards were found: on one of them, the Queen of Diamonds, was written, "These 8400 francs belong to Mgr. Hachette des Portes, Bishop of Glandèves, 8400 francs. (Signed) Psalmon;" and on the other, the Queen of Hearts, "All that is in this closet belongs to Mgr. Hachette des Portes, Bishop of Glandèves, except 2400 francs, which belong to the house. Psalmon." Seven of the eight bags contained 1200 francs, and the eighth 2400 francs. On the 11th the Civil Tribunal was called on to decide to whom the money was to go. Claims were put in for part of the money by a Madame Macquard, who had occupied the house in which it was found; by one Magne, a stove-maker, by whose workmen it had been found; and by the two workmen who had found it; while the heirs of the Bishop of Glandèves claimed the seven bags in virtue of the inscription on the playing cards; the Government, represented by the domaine, claimed the four bags bearing the name of the Abbé Duclos, and also the two without inscriptions, the abbé having died without heirs; the city of Paris also put in a claim for the whole money, but did not insist very strongly on it. The Civil Tribune was called on to decide between these various claimants, and, after hearing counsel in their behalf, it came to the conclusion that what was written on the playing cards must be considered as deciding the question of the proprietorship; that consequently the name of the Abbé Duclos had only been put on some of the bags as agent or representative of the bishop; and that "the house" undoubtedly meant the Ecclesiastical College de Laon, which at the outbreak of the Revolution was established on the premises. It therefore declared the bishop's heirs entitled to the seven bags containing 8400 francs, and the Government, as having succeeded to the said college, to the other remaining bag containing 2400 francs. It further ordered that the two playing cards should be stamped and enregistered.

HOW THE BABY THRIVES.

The Prince Imperial of France may be seen almost every fine afternoon, about three o'clock, playing in the reserved garden of the Tuileries. The prince is always accompanied by his *gouvernante*, and attended by a servant.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM HOOPS.

Crinoline catastrophes are now as frequent as railway accidents. The *Memorial des Pyrénées* mentions the case of a lady who set fire to her dress. The hoops kept the flounces at such an enormous distance from her person that her legs remained uninjured in the midst of flames; but when the fire reached her waist she felt herself horribly burned. Several women, alarmed by her cries, approached; but they themselves were all enveloped in yards upon yards of petticoats, and were unable to render any service. The victim in despair rushed to the kitchen, where she found a bucket of water, which she threw over herself so adroitly as to extinguish the flames. At first she fancied she was but slightly injured; but on undressing her it was found that she was frightfully burned all over her body. She now lies in a state of dreadful suffering, and there is very little hope of saving her life.

ROSSINI AT THE PIANO.

Rossini, says the *Courrier de Paris*, having returned to Paris for the winter, gave a grand musical party a few nights ago, at which four original pieces of his composition were executed. One was a grand scene, the "Catalani," which was sung by Mademoiselle Mainvielli, Rossini accompanying on the piano; a "Saltarello," composed only a few days before, which Rossini himself performed on the piano; a duo, full of melancholy, called "A Tear," which was executed on the piano and violoncello; and lastly, a "fugue" for the piano. All these productions excited the greatest admiration.

DICKENS TAKEN FOR THE EMPEROR.

In the window of the library, No. 212, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, there has lately been exhibited an engraved portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens, with a beard, *à la impériale*, sitting at a desk in a thoughtful position, and writing. The police entered the shop the other day and told the proprietor, in very angry terms, to take the engraving out of the window. They mistook Mr. Dickens's portrait for a caricature of the Emperor.

GERMANY.

A ROYAL LUNATIC.

The King of Prussia has not been much improved in Italy, if we may credit the following account from a Florence correspondent: "The royal patient was perfectly sane all day, received his guests, chatted, laughed, and was quite jolly; the dinner was announced, the company marched in, the King of course took his place at the head of the table, and every body waited for him to set the example to put their spoons in their mouths. But, instead of doing what was expected of him, his Majesty deliberately washed his face in the soup, and then sat complacently smiling on his friends, the long strings of vermicelli hanging down over his eyes and nose, and in his hair and mustache. You may imagine the effect. No one dared to laugh, however; and they had to sit out the dinner with this ridiculous figure-head covered with gravy (for he sternly refused towels), talking to them all the while."

HOW A PRINCESS LOST HER WEDDING GIFT.

Berlin is shocked by news of a particularly unpleasant nature. The costly silver épergne presented by the city of Cologne to Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia as a marriage gift has been stolen. Thieves, as yet undiscovered, have succeeded in abstracting it from the so-called "ancient throne-room" of the Royal Schloss. The whole police is, of course, on the search. Some person of the royal household must needs have abetted the daring deed, so entirely without precedent in the annals of royal lacqueyism in Berlin. The épergne was a work of the highest artistic perfection, and deserving rather to be classed among objects of elaborately wrought statuary than regarded as the product of the silversmith. At the moment I write this, all its finished details have doubtless disappeared in the unsparing crucible of the rascally hand that ruthlessly deprived the world of such a master-piece of art. The article cost the city of Cologne not much less than £5000. Two hundred thalers are offered by the police to any one giving certain intelligence concerning the offenders.

ITALY.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

A letter from Naples says: "The rejoicings at the approaching marriage of the Hereditary Prince with the Princess Maria of Bavaria are great, and foremost in congratulation is the King himself, who is said to carry the portrait of his daughter-in-law elect about with him, showing it to many. To manifest his pleasure, he gives the bride 90,000 ducats' worth of jewelry as a marriage present, to the infinite annoyance of the Queen, who thinks him far too liberal. An apartment in every palace in the kingdom has been assigned and embellished for the future residence of the newly-married pair. The marriage, it is said, is to take place on the 19th at Caserta, where the bride and bridegroom will remain in private till after the anniversary of the death of the Prince's mother, when they will come to town, and give balls and other festivities in honor of their marriage."

MONTALEMBERT'S APPEAL.

The hearing of the appeal of Count de Montalembert created the same amount of interest and excitement as the original trial, and the limited area of the court was crowded to its full extent by a distinguished audience. Eleven judges were on the bench. MM. Dufaure and Berryer again made brilliant speeches in defense of Montalembert, and were several times loudly applauded. The result of the appeal was received by the *North American* and *City of Manchester*, but it is thus recorded in the Paris correspondence of the *Times*:

"At five o'clock the judges retired to deliberate. They remained in deliberation full two hours and a half. On again taking their seats the president, M. Perrot de Chezelles, delivered the judgment of the court, which reduced to three months, instead of six, the term of imprisonment imposed by the Police Court; maintained the three thousand francs fine; but by the withdrawal of one of the counts in the indictment, completely freed M. de Montalembert from the effects of the law of the 27th of February, 1858, under which, even after completing his punishment, he was liable to be transported to Algeria or be exiled. As this was one of the principal objects of the appeal against the sentence of the Police Court, the judgment of the Court Imperiale is unquestionably a triumph over the Government. The decision, which was pronounced at half past seven o'clock, was received by all present with the greatest satisfaction, and M. de Montalembert was warmly congratulated by his friends."

MORPHY BEATEN BY ANDERSSEN.

The great match between Mr. Morphy and M. Anderssen, so long talked of, and concerning which so much interest is felt in chess circles, commenced at Paris on Monday, December 20, the conditions simply being that the player who first won seven games should be proclaimed the victor. In Monday's encounter Mr. Morphy had the move and played the Evans' gambit. After some very fine combinations, extending to seventy moves, M. Anderssen won the game. On the 21st, Mr. Morphy and M. Anderssen played the second game of their chess match, but without any decisive result for either party, the game ending in a draw.

POPULATION OF ROME.

A census of the population of Rome has just been completed, from which it appears that the total of the inhabitants is 180,357—a figure at which this petrified or stereotyped city has remained for the last 250 years, without any symptom of that progressive development which has enlarged, enriched, and enlightened every other European capital. In the muster-roll there are 34 bishops, 1331 secular priests, 2404 monks, 1872 friars, 2700 nuns, and 850 seminary students. Last year the figure was 197,952, but the slight increase is made up by counting this year 854 "heretics, Turks, infidels, and Jews," who are permitted to live outside the Ghetto, and were never included before in the census. There is no mention of what the Ghetto itself holds, but it is supposed to lodge about 5000 children of Israel.

UNCLE TOM IMPROVED AND CORRECTED.

An Italian translation of Mrs. Stowe's celebrated "Uncle Tom" has been largely circulated in the Papal States, with, strange to say, the sanction of the authorities. At the first blush it appears almost incredible that a book so Protestant in its doctrines should have found favor with the Court of the Vatican. The enigma, however, is easily solved. It seems that the Pope read the book some time ago, and that he was charmed with it, whereupon an enterprising translator set to work, and converted Uncle Tom and the other virtuous niggers to Catholicism, whereas Legree & Co. are represented as stanch orthodox Protestants, and in the concluding scene the ferocious Legree knouts poor Uncle Tom to death because he refuses to disbelieve in the "Immaculate Conception!"

DELIGHT OF LIVING AT ROME.

A Turin letter in the *Times* says: "No one in Rome is secure from a domiciliary visit, and from a search among his papers by the police for documents that may criminate him. I could name Romans of good standing, and not without protectors in high places, who, nevertheless, dare not keep in their houses papers of a compromising nature. I was told, a few days ago, all the particulars of a case of a Roman, of a somewhat skeptical turn, who had written a treatise of a heterodox nature concerning the Holy Trinity. He neither printed nor distributed it, but was so imprudent as to keep it in his possession. Some one betrayed him, his house was searched, the obnoxious writing found, and he was condemned to ten years' imprisonment."

MEXICO.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

The news from Mexico is highly important, extending down to the 26th of December, Zuloaga had been deposed by the Conservative forces under General Robles, and had taken refuge in the House of the British Minister. Robles had announced himself as the head of the Conservatives, and had sent a commission to Vera Cruz to treat with Juarez for a union with the Liberals.

SYRIA.

HOW THE ALLIES SETTLED A PACHA.

A Paris letter in the *Nord* of Brussels says: "A dispatch has, it is said, been received at the Ministry of Marine which makes known a very serious act on the part of M. Sabbatier at Djedda. The French Commissioner, in consequence of the investigation which he had made, felt fully convinced that the principal instigator of the assassinations was the Governor himself, Namick Pacha. Acting on that conviction, M. Sabbatier and the captain of the English frigate, accompanied by a detachment of French and English sailors, went to the Governor's palace, and arrested him in the midst of his staff. No resistance was offered to this bold proceeding. Namick Pacha was conveyed on board the *Duchayla*, where he is detained a prisoner until instructions are received from the French Government. The news of this arrest, if it be confirmed, will produce a considerable sensation at Constantinople, and will most probably lead to remonstrances from the Porte."

AFRICA.

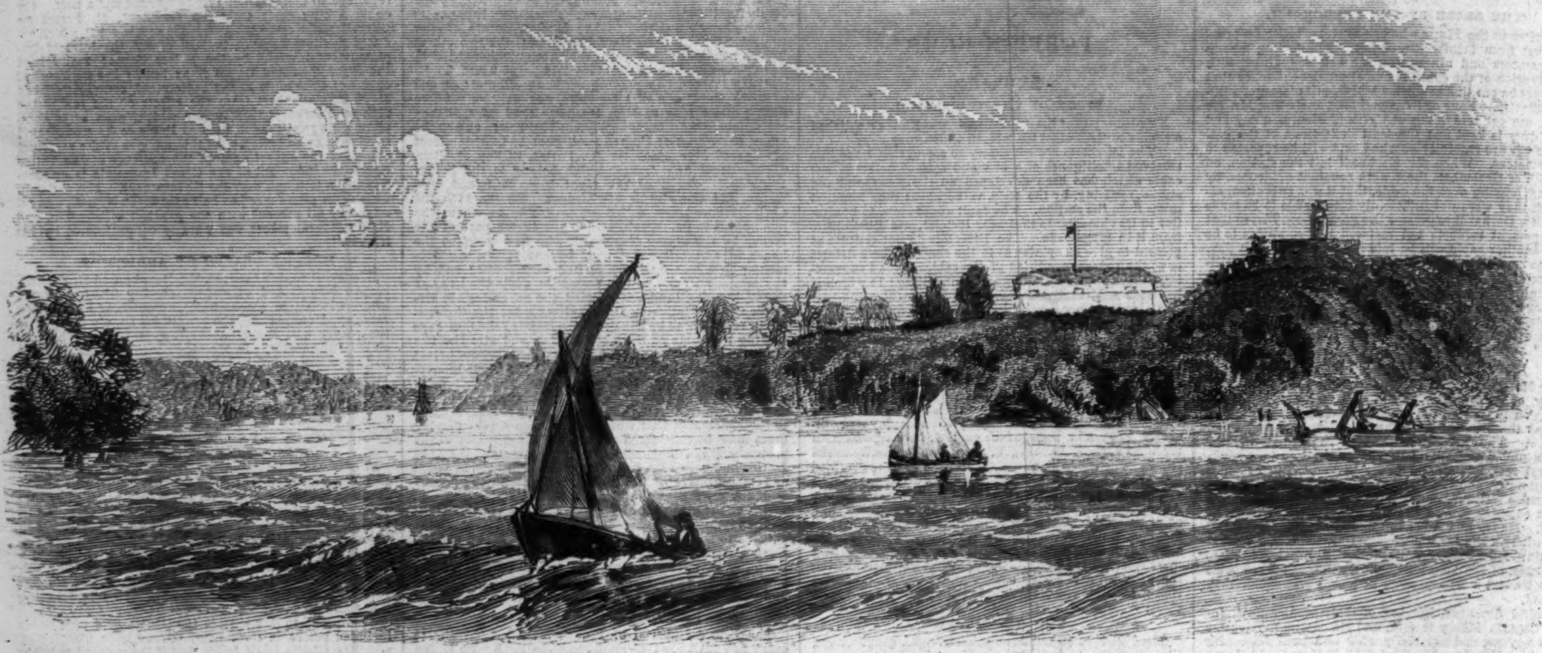
DR. LIVINGSTONE'S PROGRESS.

The Cape Town (Cape of Good Hope) *Monitor* of November 10th says: "Letters have just been received in Cape Town from Dr. Livingtone. He has arrived in safety as far up the Zambesi as Tette, and he and his whole party were in perfect health and high spirits. Of his Makololos, whom he had left there two years before (about 150 in number), thirty had died of small-pox, and six more had been killed during his absence. The remainder were still at Tette, and would proceed up the country with him."

CHINA.

A CHINESE PROCLAMATION.

A letter from an officer serving in the Chinese expedition, to a friend in Paris, gives the following laughable order of the day, published by one of the Chinese commanders, directing his soldiers what they are to do in order to overcome their enemies. It is drawn up in the form of a training bill of fare for thirteen days: "This is commanded by me, the chief of the Braves. Let all tremble and obey. On the thirteenth day before the battle, they must eat jelly made from tiger's flesh, in order to imbibe the rage and ferocity of that animal; the twelfth day before, the roasted liver of a lion, in order to have the intrepidity of that noble beast; eleventh day, stewed serpents, to acquire their cunning; tenth, extract of chameleon, to deceive their enemies by changing color; ninth, crocodile-broth, to make them amphibious and be able to pursue and fight their enemies both on land and on water; eighth, jaguar's liver cooked in wine, in order have the rapidity and fury of that quadruped; seventh, to hawks' heads, in order to have the quick eye of that bird in distinguishing the enemy; sixth, zebra's intestines, to be able to imitate the cry of that animal; fifth, hippopotamus' brains, to make the body impenetrable to balls; fourth, stewed monkeys, to acquire the activity of that race; third, scorpions, in order that all the wounds inflicted by them may be as venomous as the sting of those reptiles; on the day before the battle, the half-raw breast of a panther, in order to be as pitiless as that animal; and on the morning of the battle they must drink a glass of leopard's blood, in order that they may imitate that animal, which never turns round while devouring its prey. Tremble and obey!" The writer adds that, on observing to a Chinese prisoner that, notwithstanding the above preparations for combat, the Braves had fled before their enemies, the Chinaman explained that the cheat of a cook had, for his own profit, served up the flesh of calves instead of that of panthers and tigers, and that that circumstance had made them cowards.



THE MOUTH OF THE COATZACOALCOS RIVER.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL ON THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

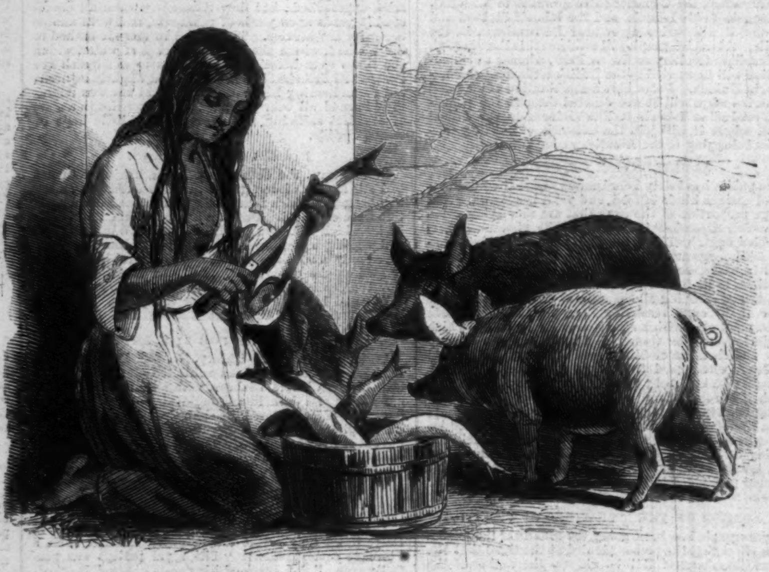
SUCHIL, *November*, 1858.

ON 4th we sailed from New Orleans for Minatitlan, Mexico, in a snug little brig, with some thirty-five mules and five human beings as passengers. The passage was dreary in the extreme, and I will be content with stating that on 16th the mountain of Tuxla or San Martine appeared in sight, "rearing its lofty forehead to the sky." San Martine (as it is known to seamen) is an extinct volcano, and towers up tremendously above the low grounds on the coast. It rises directly from the beach, and is supposed (I believe it has never been measured) to be some two and a half miles in height. From the Gulf it has the appearance of one mountain; but upon a nearer approach it separates, and is found to consist of three peaks. It is of immense importance to seamen and landsmen who travel in this vicinity, as its peak can be seen a distance of a hundred miles, and it stands "the solitary guardian of the coast."

We stood in with a stiff breeze all day, and near sundown we were close enough to see the "castle" distinctly; but the freshness of the breeze prevented us from entering the River Coatzacoalcos with safety before dark, so we were obliged to stand off and on all night. I had obtained a sight of the soil of the Aztecs!

In the morning the pilot came on board, and, taking charge of our vessel, we crossed the "Bar," and at ten o'clock A.M. we came to anchor a few yards from the town at the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos. While our captain was diplomatizing with the custom-house officials, and our mate engaged in the laudable enterprise of cheating the Mexican revenue by selling boots (contraband) to the pilots (who are government officials here), I managed to get on shore. I rambled around the bluff on which the castle is situated, and allowing my curiosity free scope, I protruded my "figurehead" every where; but in some instances, I fancy, without gaining a great deal of credit from the natives for my politeness and good breeding.

The settlement at the mouth of the river consists of about thirty houses or huts built of sun-dried clay, and thatched with palm, which grows in great profuseness all along the coast. The appearance of the town is squalid in the extreme, and presents any thing but an inviting sight to the emigrant or tourist. The "castle" (for so it is designated) is nothing but a barrack-room covered with red tile and surrounded by an octagonal wall, from the top of which seven black cannon (nine-pounders) protrude their muzzles seaward. It is the residence of the "Commandante" and some forty lazy, dirty, spiritless-looking "soldads," portions of the renowned National Guard of Mexico.



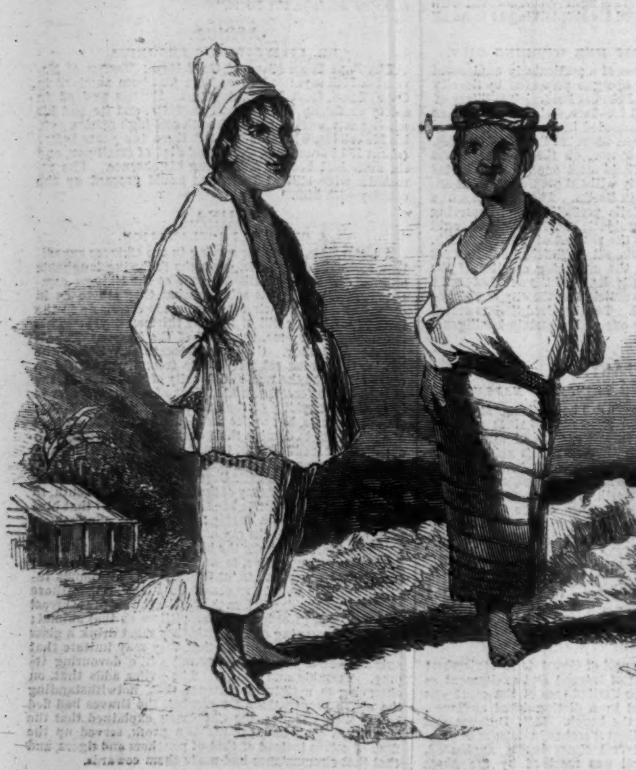
HOME SCENES AT TATAHUICAPA.

On the left, and overlooking the fort, stands a solitary watch-tower, an old-fashioned "institution," built in the year one, and peculiarly Spanish, as the shape and size of the bricks of which it is built can testify. It is at present surrounded by a "barricade" of barrels filled with sand, around which, as a general thing, you will find some half a dozen of the "protectors of their country's glory" either sleeping off the fumes of too much "chingaretta" or else waiting in blissful indolence for the "relief," when they can turn into a dirty hammock, and, with the aid of the eternal cigar, seek repose from the arduous duties of their post.

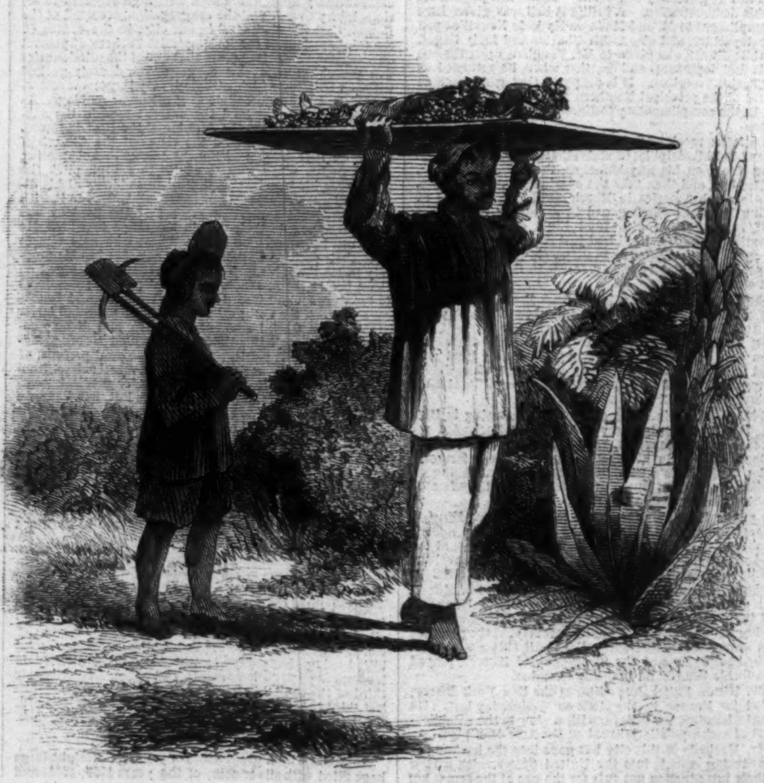
While mournfully speculating on this scene, my attention was attracted by an exclamation of W——'s, who, knowing my modesty and my enthusiasm in any thing pertaining to the beautiful in art and nature, called my attention to a sight that instinctively brought the "tell-tale blood" into my face, and prompted me to hide my blushes, as many of our fair friends do, by spreading the fingers of the hand before the face, thereby intimating that they are forced to see "sights" disagreeable to their senses. I was taken by surprise, and would not, for a fabulous sum of money, have turned my head in that direction had I known what was in waiting for my visual organs. Leaning against the entrance to one of the huts was a young maiden, over whose head not more than eighteen summers had rolled their soft refulgence. Her dress was picturesque, primitive, and classic, and perfectly eclipsed the drapery worn by the far-famed Greek slave, or the "Georgia major," of whom we hear so much. It consisted of an immense straw hat (I have bought one like it since) and a crucifix attached to a string of beads. Her attire was worn with a grace and ease that equaled, if it did not surpass, the fair promenaders of Broadway. Although not a Joseph, my modesty took the alarm, and, seizing W—— by the coat, I fled somewhat like the man

> "Who ran fourteen miles in fifteen hours,
> And never looked behind him."

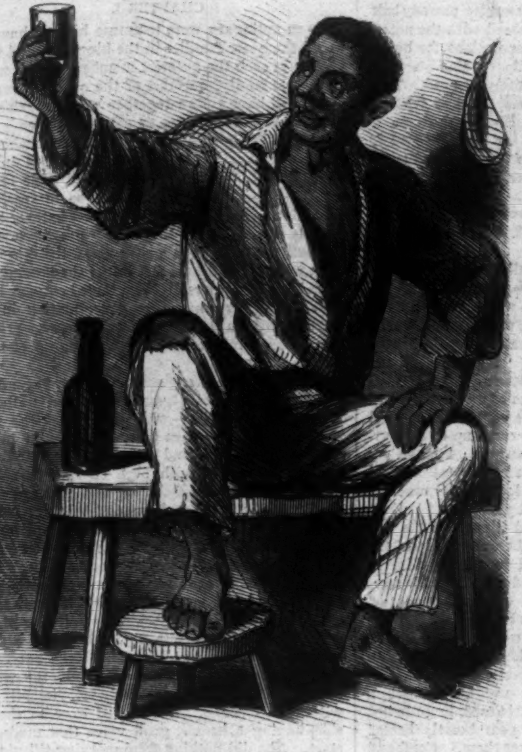
It was not so, I regret to say, with my friend



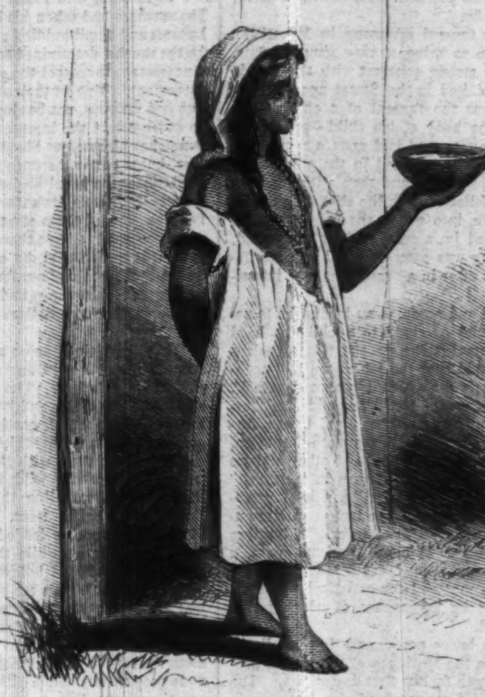
RAMON AND HIS SISTER.



BURIAL AT MINATITLAN.



CAPITAN PUEBLA.



A MINISTERING ANGEL.

W——, who walked nearly the whole of the distance backward.

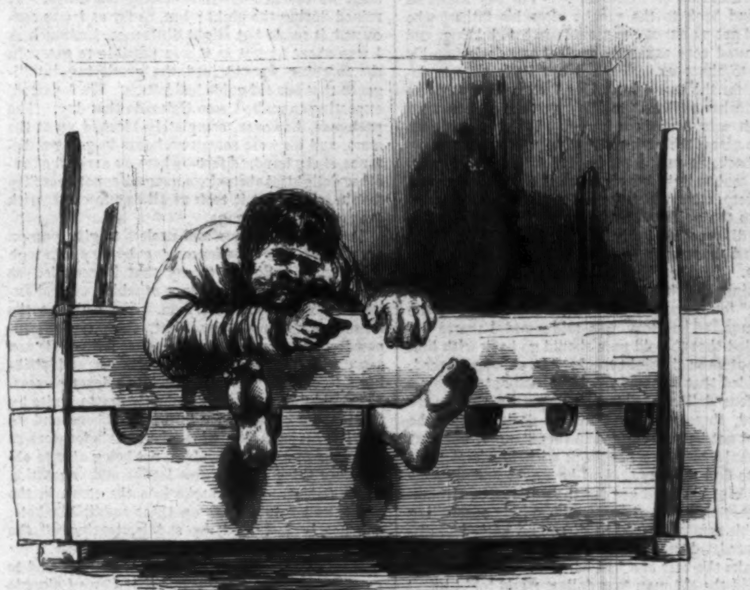
The harbor of the Coatzacoalcos is an exceedingly difficult one to make in a "norther," as the many wrecks strewed along the beach can testify. One, an English brig, lies directly under the castle wall. She was lost, some two years ago, by her captain attempting to leave the mouth of the river in a heavy norther. The madness of the undertaking is illustrated by the mournful spectacle of the "wreck," which lies high and dry, while the captain's "bones lie fathoms low" in the coral deep. The "bar" makes out in a perfect semicircle from the mouth of the river, and is formed of sandstone, and unchangeable—a fact that was verified by the late surveys made by the new Transit Company. The water on the bar, at its highest stage, is not more than fourteen feet; that is, when the "norther" blows and backs the water in the river. In calm weather the water is only twelve feet, making it exceedingly difficult for vessels of large draught to enter, although the steamer *Quaker City* came over in fine style on her first trip with the mails. There is an old chart—made by Cortez, and bearing his seal—of the mouth of this river. It gives the same depth of water found upon it now. The Tehuantepec Company intend to deepen the channel, and have commenced (so I hear) their operations already.

The scenery of the river, from the bar to Minatitlan, is very beautiful. The banks are very low, and subject to overflow and inundation at every high water; but the richness of the vegetation is unrivaled. The banks are fringed with the otaté, a species of cane, furnished by nature with a beautiful willowy leaf, under which it conceals a row of "teeth" that, for sharpness and execution, will throw the masticators of the shark into the shade. Further removed stand groves of the cocoa and palm; the noble *ceiba*—the cedar; the mahogany, of which but few specimens are left standing; the zapota, the rosewood, the quassia, the palo mulatto, and nearly every species of vegetation extant in Mexico. The water is clear, and navigable for vessels of the largest draught. The current is about four miles an hour in velocity; and the mouth branches out like the Mississippi, although not so extensive in its delta formation.

Upon our arrival at Minatitlan we were welcomed by the United States Consul, Mr. A. C. Allen, to whom the mules were consigned. Mr. A. very kindly took me also under charge; and I am indebted to him for many little acts of kindness while in Minatitlan.

You will perceive, by the accompanying sketch, how much Minatitlan proper has grown since Major Barnard's survey in 1848; and now that the new route is opened, and emigration commenced, Heaven only knows where or when it and rival towns will stop growing! Minatitlan is the head of sea navigation. It boasts of a custom-house; a half-finished church; half a dozen large *mahogany houses;* a "cuartél," containing about a hundred of my especial aversion, dirty "soldads;" and several hotels.

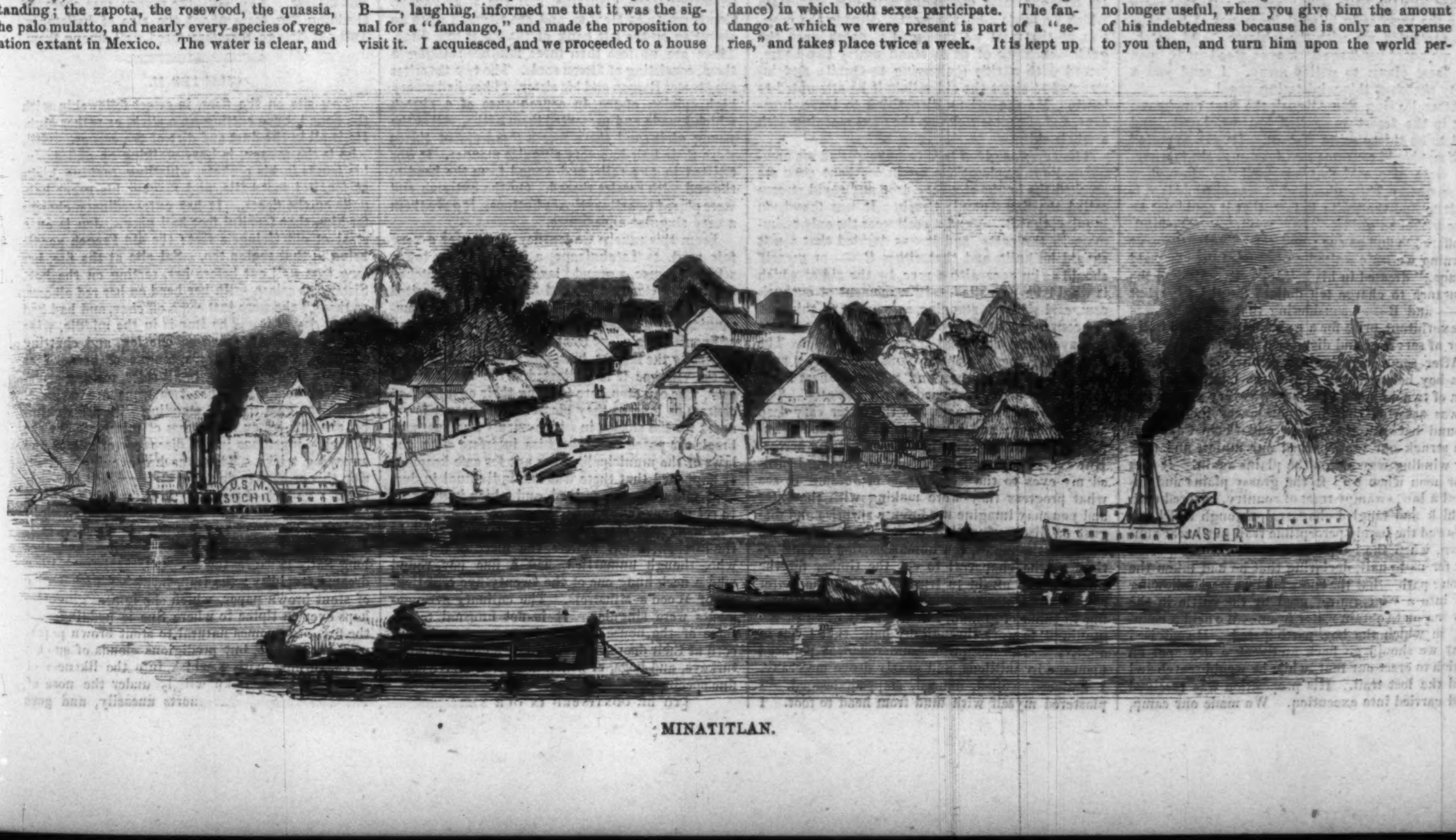
At one of these I met some old friends, with whom I spent a delightful evening. After the candles were lit, and while we were in the midst of old reminiscences, the booming of a cannon was heard, whereat I expressed some surprise; but B——, laughing, informed me that it was the signal for a "fandango," and made the proposition to visit it. I acquiesced, and we proceeded to a house situated in the lower part of the town, from whence issued the sounds of guitars and feet, whose stamping sounded very much like the stampede of a herd of wild cattle. We elbowed our way through the crowd collected on the outside of the house, and entered the arena, in the centre of which, under the glare of a dirty, smoky oil lamp, were some six dusky beauties dressed in their finest holiday attire, amusing themselves by executing a dance, the principal point of which was in stamping their feet to the measure of a song that was "powerfully yelled" in a cracked, treble voice by one of the principal performers on the musical instruments. It is a very customary joke here at fandangos for one to have his hat taken off his head and placed upon the head of one of the *fair* dancers, from whom he can release it upon the payment of a "media" or "real" when the dance is ended. It answers in many cases very well for a bashful man like myself, and serves instead of a formal introduction. It is not an unusual thing to see some languishing beauty dancing with two, three, and sometimes even four hats on, looking like one of the old clo' venders of London. The dances of this country are entirely one-sided. I have never seen but one (the marriage dance) in which both sexes participate. The fandango at which we were present is part of a "series," and takes place twice a week. It is kept up until the "wee hours of the morning," and serves as an excellent attraction for the monté bank, which is kept in active operation in the back room. The playing of monté here is prohibited by law; but around the table or bank you will find collected nearly all of the Government officials—the civil and military rulers of the town—busily engaged in either betting themselves or inducing others to bet, who, if they win, will lend or give them enough for another "stake." I paid a visit, of course, to the bank, around which the crowd was so great as to preclude the possibility of getting nearer than twenty feet to the table. A momentary glance was, however, sufficient for me, and not admiring the company of greasy negroes, dirty soldiers, and half clad natives, I "vamosed" for the hotel.



PENITENT IN THE STOCKS.

Minatitlan has at present a collection of huts and houses numbering some three hundred, and a population of fifteen hundred souls (the dogs in an Indian village are not counted in, but are estimated as one half of the population). A very extensive mahogany business is carried on here, and the flags of nearly every nation are flying in this port. The mahogany is cut up on the Montereears (?), as they are called, and little bayous and other tributaries of the Coatzacoalcos, and is getting very scarce. The wood is cut a great distance from the town, and can only be rafted down in the season of high water, from August to November. There is a tax of one dollar levied upon every tree that is cut in the country. The labor of "getting it out" is immense, and is entirely done by "Peons."

Peonage is a state of servitude a thousand times worse than our slavery; for in Mexico you can advance a native a small sum of money, get him in your debt, and then seize him and make him work until your debt is paid. His wages, allowed by law, are twenty-five cents a day. You advance him a little money from time to time, you keep him in debt until old age overtakes him, and he is no longer useful, when you give him the amount of his indebtedness because he is only an expense to you then, and turn him upon the world per-



MINATITLAN.

fectly helpless. The law allows a "peon" three days every year to seek a new master; that is, if he is dissatisfied with his old one, he has three days to find another who will advance the money to buy his debt. It changes his master, but it does not change his position. He is still a slave, and always will be.

I witnessed a funeral ceremony in Minatitlan which struck me as being a very simple affair, and appeared in strong contrast with the parade and expense exhibited in the States upon similar occasions. It was the funeral of a child. The father carried the body of his child—which was trimmed with flowers, and laid upon a rough sort of bier—to the grave, selected in the suburbs of the town, upon his head; and then with the help of the boy, who followed with the shovel and pick, they dug a grave, into which the body was laid, the earth shoveled in, a cross erected at its head, and the ceremony was completed. I saw the father a few hours after in a beastly state of intoxication.

I had received and accepted an invitation to accompany the mules overland to Suchil, the head of shoal water navigation on the Coatzacoalcos River, and was told that the journey would occupy about ten days, for which I prepared myself. Through the kindness of Mr. Allen, and Mr. Murphy, the superintendent of the line, I was furnished with a fine mule and a complete outfit; so, casting aside the "biled shirts" and other articles of luxury which are usually worn in "cityfied" life, I mounted a "Havre shirt," a pair of "two-story" boots, a straw hat sixty inches in circumference, one of Colt's "life-preservers," a hunting knife, a whip, a pair of huge Mexican spurs, a large sketching umbrella, a camp stool, together with some little material for artistical purposes, which completed an appearance of which I was not a little proud.

We started, a brave party, and despite all obstacles, including the obstinacy of the mules, progressed well enough for the first day or two. The male natives we did not much admire, but we saw many pretty women. The principal beauty of the females is their hair, which they keep in fine order. They have a very fine hair oil (the Zapota seed oil), which makes the hair shine like a box of Day and Martin. They generally wear it braided, and allow the strands to hang down their back, or else wreath it in the form of a crown around their head. There are specimens of female beauty on the Isthmus that can not be excelled, and, at the same time, you will see hideous old women who fairly eclipse the heads of the Furies.

The children are particularly bright, intelligent, and beautiful; but after arriving at the age of "reason" they become dull, stupid, ignorant, careless, and degenerate into fearful ugliness.

After leaving Acayucani, a town of some importance and the residence of the Governor of the district, B—— pointed out to me a hacienda, some two miles ahead, as our next station, promising me that when we arrived there he would show me a "character." I give him to you as I saw him. Capitan Puebla!

Capitan Puebla is a very famous character, and was one of Santa Anna's officers. I am told that he also held the rank of Colonel in the army of the Republic after Santa Anna's retirement. But it seems that his political preferment brought him into disfavor with the Government, and he retired to his plantation, where he raises coffee in abundance and has one of the finest estates in this section. We remained an hour with him, during which time he never ceased to talk politics, except when he examined the contents of the black "vase" that had been brought out in honor of the strangers. We left the old fellow sighing over the ruin of his country, like Caius Marius!

By the time we arrived at "El Paso San Juan," the terminus of civilization, we were well-nigh choked with dust and thirst. I rode up to the door of a hut, and in my best Spanish (I know about half a dozen words) demanded a drink of water. It was brought to me by a little dusky sprite, with a rag of blue cloth over her head, who looked like the little wild mustang colts that roam over the ranches in blissful ignorance of harness. She presented me with the "hicore," and watching me out of her large dark eyes, stood ready upon the least alarm to gallop away. I send you a hasty sketch of this ministering angel.

After leaving San Miguel, the first ranche we met in the desert was called Cerro Colorado, and said to be thirty miles distant. It was expected that we should consume two days upon the journey. We were also told that our trail lay through a dense swamp, through which it was extremely difficult to find the trail; in fact, that it could not be done without a guide. The "vaqueros" very kindly offered to find us one; and accordingly, the next morning we were waited on by one of the aforesaid "vaqs.," dressed in his holiday suit. He had the assurance to charge ten dollars for the trip; but L—— and B——, considering that *deiz pesos* was an exorbitant price for a guide, refused his kindly offer of services, and dismissed him.

After some haggling we procured the services of a boy belonging to one of the families for the sum of two dollars. The boy was very young, but it was asserted that he knew every inch of the ground between the ranche and Cerro Colorado. We struck our tent, packed our mules, and took our winding way across the plains again. It was near noon when we left the grassy plains and entered a low, swampy tract of country, covered with a thick and tangled chaparral, through which we followed the barely perceptible trail until near sundown, when the boy, who was on the lead, cried out for us to halt, declaring that he had taken the wrong path—that the one which we were following led into a "quagmire" used by the cattle in the dry season to obtain water from. We held a council, in which the boy participated. He advised that we should go back and seek a dry spot on which to erect our tent, while he would search and find the lost trail. His proposition was received and carried into execution. We made our camp, prepared our supper, raised our mosquito bars, and not having any inclination to sit up and keep the mosquitoes and other insects company, we crawled in, and slept without interruption until dawn, when José raised the alarm that "The guide was gone!" We turned out and found that it was the truth. The *muchaco* had taken his horse and "vamosed." Lenares and Quail saddled up instanter, and started for the ranche, determined to capture, and use force if necessary, to compel the young rascal to keep his agreement. But on their arrival at the ranche he was *non inventus*, not having made his appearance. So at least said the inmates, who pretended to be somewhat alarmed at his absence. Lenares, however, knew better, because the boy had been paid in advance (the usual way of doing business in this country). After quite a stormy argument, in which Lenares accused them of attempting to cheat him, and threatened to have them all arrested and taken to San Juan for trial, he engaged (being pressed for time) a brother of our former guide, with whom he returned to our camp, and to whom he was obliged to pay another two dollars before he could induce him to go.

When they joined us we struck our tent and took our way over the self-same path that we had traveled the day before. The guide, however, insisted that he was right, and kept up a constant slashing with his machété, cutting the vines and chaparral out of the path, which was, in some places, entirely blocked up with the undergrowth. Our trail was singularly wild, and conveyed the idea that we were traveling through "the Valley of Desolation." The trees, which were scraggy, blasted giants, were loaded with moss, vines, and tangled chaparral, while the dank swamp mould literally covered the whole of the landscape. Every inch of our path we were obliged to hew; and it was with the utmost difficulty that we could keep the mules in motion. Our path grew worse and worse, and the rays of the sun had begun to illumine the tops of the surrounding foliage, warning us to prepare our camp without delay. To all our questions regarding a good camping-ground our guide returned suspicious and evasive answers. Lenares and B—— instituted a cross-examination, and compelled the guide, finally, to own up that he did not know whether he was on the right trail or not. Upon ascertaining this fact there was some very strong language used, condemnatory of the whole race of "Greasers." The boy urged us to send back to the ranche after his father, who could get us out of our trouble in a twinkling, and protested very earnestly against any design on his part to cheat us. We had but little time to debate, for the sun was sinking fast. We cut down the bushes sufficient to allow us to erect our tent, which was done in a hurry. We stretched our ropes across the path to keep the mules from straying back, lit our fire, from which Lenares extracted a coal to light his cigar (he is a most inveterate smoker), after which he mounted his horse, cried out to the guide, "*Adelantar muchaco!*" and they both disappeared in the coming gloom of the night toward the ranche, which they reached about midnight. Lenares kept his anger smothered until morning, and then, I expect, they did have a "tall time," for Lenares is the best talking man on the Isthmus. The story was told; and Lenares demanded that the old man should go back with him and put us on the right track. The old man agreed, provided that Lenares would launch out *quatro pesos* (four dollars). Then Lenares *did* rave. He cursed, threatened, and finally declared that he would not be humbugged in this manner, but that he would take the boy back with him and force him to find the way. And he would undoubtedly have kept his word but for the unforeseen circumstance of the boy's absence, who, wisely concluding that his services could be dispensed with, had disappeared. Lenares was in a trap, and was obliged to make the best of a bad bargain. He accordingly paid the old man four dollars; and told him, at the same time, that if he attempted to play him false he would execute summary vengeance on the whole family. Forcing the old rascal to ride before him, he arrived at our camp about four P.M. He brought some provisions with him also, from which we made a hearty meal. During the progress of the meal we arranged a watch upon the guide—each one of us to stand sentry two hours, armed with a rifle (belonging to Quail), and instructed to shoot the old villain if he attempted to leave. He showed no disposition to leave, however, and of course woke up the next morning with a whole skin.

The cry was given to "vamanos," and we commenced our explorations again. About noon we reached the banks of a very deep and rapid stream called the San Antonio Creek. It was found, on inquiry, that B—— and myself were the only swimmers in the party, and it was decided that a raft should be built, and that either B—— or myself should swim over with a rope, by the aid of which it would be propelled. In a moment of enthusiasm, and without stopping a moment to think of the consequences, I agreed to carry the rope across (I have since regretted my precipitancy). The line was lying upon the bank all ready; so I stripped off my clothes, and taking a short hitch around my body, I slipped into the water. The current was seven knots, and the water very deep at the landing; and I, not being a very good swimmer, experienced great difficulty in getting across. However, I accomplished it, and on landing I turned my eyes to the "other side of Jordan" to see what progress they were making with the raft; and you may imagine my intense surprise and disgust on discovering that there was nobody to be seen but the mules, the human portion having retired to the chaparral to cut the timber for the raft. I was afraid to trust myself in the water again; the water was much too deep at the landing to think of standing in it, and it was just beginning "to work through my hair" that I was in a "fix." The mosquitoes and rodadore pounced upon me by millions, and nearly drove me crazy. I hallooed, yelled, danced, slapped, begged. I plastered myself with mud from head to foot. I stripped the leaves from off a plantain, and made myself a sort of garment, *à la* Adam and Eve, and a brush, with which I made frantic endeavors to keep off my tormentors. An eternity passed (half an hour) before the party appeared with the necessary logs and commenced preparations for building. I could perceive a smile on B——'s face, while Quail and Lenares absolutely laughed. That capped the climax of my woes. I had tried to keep my temper; but when B—— asked me if I had examined the country on my side, and if there were any insects, etc., what the quality of the soil was, and many other like facetious remarks, I fairly lost my reason. I raved and swore, and doubling up my fist, I showed very plainly the existing state of my feelings. However, every thing has an end.

The raft was finished. Quail, taking my clothes in one hand and my boots (the pride of my life) in the other, stepped on the logs, which no sooner felt his weight than they tilted up, precipitating Quail, head first, into the creek. I was in despair. "My boots! my boots!" I cried; "take care of my boots! don't, for God's sake, lose my boots! Quail hang on to my boots" (the loss of my boots would have been no joke, I can assure you). Quail could not swim, and, consequently, came up to the surface spluttering and half drowned. I made another appeal to him to "save my boots!" Quail did not say any thing, but he looked very much as if he meant to say, "Confound your boots!" During this excitement B—— had slipped off the raft and caught Quail, and with the united help of the party on that side succeeded in getting him in safety on the raft. I watched with feverish anxiety the appearance of Quail when drawn out of the water, and words can not express my feelings when I saw that my boots! my beautiful boots! were safe. In a few moments he was transported to my side, when, after carefully stepping ashore, he approached me, and casting my boots, with a vicious jerk, at my feet, he exclaimed, in an indignant manner, "There: take your beastly boots! you've made noise enough about them. Confound the things, they nearly drowned *me;* but all *you* cared about was your boots—your great beastly boots!"

We next night made the alarming discovery that our provisions were getting alarmingly low, but thought that they would last, with certainty, until we reached our haven, only ten miles! It rained during the night; but, as far as I was concerned, it made but slight difference, inasmuch as I was about as wet as it was possible to get. In the morning we obtained the gratifying intelligence that our old guide had left us. We departed, expecting to make Cerro Colorado that day. The path was, however, completely blocked up at the start, and we were some two hours in going a distance of six hundred feet—where we arrived at another delightful obstacle, a quagmire, not over fifty feet in width, but it took us all day to cross, with the mules and baggage.

It would be tedious and useless to give you an account of our experience, day by day, through this swamp. Suffice to say that it occupied us seven days, the last two days of which we had existed entirely upon raw ham. We had lost the means of making a fire—flint, steel, punk, gunpowder, and gun, all were gone (Quail's mule ran away with him through the underbrush, and, striking a tree, had broken the gun into a dozen pieces). We could find no wood sufficiently dry to ignite by friction, our clothes were torn into ribbons, and we had lost seven mules, while the remainder were as ravenous as a pack of wolves, not being able to obtain any thing but the few leaves and vegetation fit for fodder. They broke into the camp in the night, and actually ate up three saddle-blankets, and nearly destroyed my saddle, tearing off the flap, and eating off the reins from the bridle.

Next day we met two natives, who imparted to us the gratifying intelligence that Cerro Colorado was only a league ahead. True enough, after three hours' labor, we reached it at last.

The ranche of Cerro Colorado consists of two large and substantial houses, perfectly embowered in orange-trees, plantains, and the wild vegetation common to Mexico, and are situated upon an elevation on the left bank of the River San Juan. There are no less than three families residing in them, consisting of fifteen souls. The two favorites are Master Ramon and his sister. (They had a very high opinion of me, in consequence of a sketch which I made and presented them with). All of the young girls (and there was a "power" of them) wore their hair in a very singular manner. It was twisted in two rolls, and wound from the head to the end with scarlet thread. On the extreme end were placed two silver tips or buttons. It gave them a very singular appearance.

From this ranche we journeyed on, over a very fair road, to Tatahuicapa, a little country town, with, of course, a grand Plaza, in which we pitched our tent. Our saddles and baggage we deposited in the Casa del Communidad. The Casa del Communidad of which I have spoken, is an institution of Spanish origin—at least in this country—and is generally the largest, best, and cleanest kept house in the village: it is dedicated to the use of strangers, who can stop here (finding their own food, of course) as long as they please. One corner is set apart for the stocks, in which unruly Indians, who break the peace and otherwise interfere with the laws of the municipality, are put for safe keeping. It happened that there was one individual in durance vile when we arrived, and which induced us to set up our tent on the Plaza.

During our stay here we spent much time in the kitchen of our hostess, the niece of a priest, who, though unmarried, had a fine boy, round whose neck hung one of the twenty-five cent tickets of Wood's Minstrels. The culinary arrangements were singular. It is not unusual to see some of the house-keepers, or matrons, stripping corn at their doors, surrounded by a crowd of dogs, turkeys, and hogs, of which latter they have some fine specimens.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE GRINGE FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

IF an antiquary were to amuse himself hunting up all the queer families in the kingdom, and then pick from each the queerest member, and so make up a new family, queerest of the queer, he would at the end have gotten together pretty much such a bunch of odd creatures as sat together on a certain October night. A lamp of oldest machinery (ante-moderator, ante-argand even), and of dullest oil, burned lazily on a spindle-legged table beside a tall old man. He had the fee, so to speak, of that illumination all to himself, for whatever business he was about; so that it very much presented the notion of a light in a cave; and the other figures, who were all held fast in the shadows, might have been smugglers dividing their booty, or brigands asleep, or any other denomination in the world. Brigands or smugglers, there was present there a barbarous crew enough, made up of these human items:

Tom, primogenitus, and unlicked beyond all credibility; Gill, cadet, and rather more unlicked, if such were possible—which exhausted the male line. There was then Sue, primogenita in her sex; rough-skinned and raw-armed, rude in dress, uncombed in hair, with high cheek-bones. She might have gone out a-charing or a-cooking by the day, or as aid to the scullion, and been accepted as such without demur or smallest astonishment. That was Sue. Here was Sal, her sister: a gawk, long in body, reaching nearly to her father's head—always in her own way, in every body's way. Sal could not so much as stretch forth her arm without hitting or knocking something down. Then there was the imp or Puck of the family, baptismally known as Hannah Maria, but familiarly (and without any disrespect in the world) hailed as Froggy. She was a dwarf, virtually, but without deformity. She leaned over to the heside, having a hoarse, gruff voice that made you start. She did nothing from morning till night—not a hand's turn for any one—save wagging of her tongue in the coarsest way; being a good one at abuse, and at hitting on stinging names. There was also Jen the gentle, keeping to her old father like wax. There was the old French poodle, joint pet of old Gringe and Jen. There was the African hound, pet and delight of Tom, Gill, and the Imp.

The whole crew—men, women, and dogs—were kenneled together in the huge sitting-room. But a word—just one word—for Tom. Tom was the great uncouth member of the Gringe family. In the Irish tongue he was *gaum;* which syllable stands for mouth projected foolishly; for cerebral conformation on the lines of the late Messieurs Burke and Hare; for inarticulate animal noises in lieu of ordinary sounds of assent or dissent; for horse-laughter, mild and on draught, always ready; for he was of the stables, stably—having been suckled, weaned, and reared on those premises. Grooms had been his dons, and he was senior wrangler of the great equine university. Hostlery was his classic world; his Olympian Jove sat aloft on the coach-box. In short, the Gringe family had no manners, no breeding, no schooling, no catechism. They were all in a sort of mourning for their mother, who was Gringe's second wife. Excepting little Jen, they were, in fact, none of his, being brought into the family with her. However, he accepted them without complaint; and in his house they grew and fattened. She, good soul! had been of easy-going nature and of Jumper persuasion, having supernatural Jumper lights—the waiting for which consumed most of her time. So, having brought them up, as she fancied, in strict Jumper principles, she had turned over on her side, one morning, and died with great decency, under the hands of the Reverend Joshua MacScarbriar, Jumping high-priest—not, however, before she had bound up her harum-scarum offspring to reverence, respect, and care for the father she left to them. For, in all their roughnesses, they had a soft corner and a sort of rude attachment to this mother. Nay, Gill, the savage, was observed shedding big tears about the size of hailstones. Tall old Gringe, therefore, fared well among them.

CHAPTER II.

TOM sits on the floor, in sweet fellowship with the hound, busy cutting up a stick, or rather club. He is all in the dust and dirt of the corner. Gill, who is the savage, is busy walking up and down, his hands in his pockets, whistling, making kicks at fanciful foot-balls, and rasping his great hobnails on the floors. It has extraordinary charms for him, that fanciful foot-ball play. Jen is on a stool at old Gringe's feet; the old French poodle being in that region too. Sal sits at the fire, her long legs well out before her, resting on the hob. Sister Sue asleep, with her head on her red elbows, as though she were just come off char, and had had a hard day of it. The Imp is in the middle, wide awake, indeed; hopping on one leg, and chatting eternally with that boy's tongue of hers. Her eyes are shooting busily to all sides, seeking something to be at, and her two arms are akimbo. When she gets tired of standing with arms akimbo, she sets off on a progress of mischief—for she is highly ingenious in the discovery of subtle and annoying tricks. This was her evening's diversion (his or hers to doubtful stranger) all the year round; no lack of piquancy in it for being so often repeated. Thus, to take this very October night as a sample, remember that Sue is sleeping stertorously after that figurative charing, and that long Sally is surveying her unnatural feet with a dreamy stupidity; the Imp, furnished with a wisp of stout brown paper, which she ignites gingerly, hops over on tiptoe to where Sue is nodding over the fire. As comes natural to stout brown paper, no flame results, but prodigious clouds of smoke. Then, turning with a whisk into the likeness of Puck, she holds it knowingly under the nose of unconscious Sue, who snorts uneasily, and goes through all manner of diverting convulsions; but in the end is waked up, only on the bare verge of suffocation. Such gaspings and clutchings for breath were never seen; Puck all the while shrieking with laughter. But our char-girl, when somewhat brought round, fetches up a huge coal and launches it furiously—to be dodged, however, by shrieking Puck. It lights on Gill the savage, who starts with a growl, and swears. Another shriek from our Puck. But Sue—just now all but asphyxiated—is not to be so balked; and jumping from the chair, with her big arms squared, offers to fight the Imp, or any of them—which, as before said, was very much the tragi-comedy of every night of the long year, as well as of this special Friday night.

All this while Old Gringe had been sitting thoughtfully back in his high chair, regarding their antics wearily, with his hands sometimes over his face, sometimes on the head of little Jen; with his eyes at times fixed to the ceiling with a stony stare; at times racing round the room like horses, neck and neck. Now a sigh, now a groan, now a clasping of his thin fingers together. There must have been some deep anguish and distress of mind at the bottom of all this (it may be as well hinted at once, it was something penitential), the whole mystery of which lay in the fact that this night was a Friday night, and that the month was the Ulalume month of October. Like enough there had been a wrong done of an old Friday night in an old October month. However that might be, after a long spell of such weary throes, he turned to little Jen and said, softly, "Lend me your arm, child, while I go up to my cabinet;" and so, leaning on her, who was as his stick always, he passed out of the room and was presently unlocking that notable buhl cabinet of his.

"Father," says little Jen, knowingly, "you want to fetch down the big writing-book?"

"I do, child," he answered; "and to-night above all nights in the year. Oh, if I could but write my soul clean and clear!"

Jen thought he must have done that long since, if writing could do it; for every night of their lives, unfailingly, the big book came down. It was drawn forth from a little safe inside the cabinet, which had a spring and a click, and a shooting bolt; and that little safe was inside again of a little cupboard; so there was positively no getting at the big book. Little Jen wondered what he wrote in it; but never asked. So he came down; and, with the racket raging high about him, began to write. No one, therefore, heard those short groans and weary, heart-sore sighs that came from him as he warmed to his writing work. It was, indeed, likely enough that Mr. Gringe had, somewhere among his chattels, that ugly thing known as a closet skeleton.

"Restitution, restitution!" he whispered to himself, his pen writing the words he whispered, "which has been sounding ding dong in my ears for so long back; it is the only cure, the only salvation. Better work-house than such a hell of thought and—"

Here the universal racket struck in, and general outburst. The Imp having privily fixed a needle upright in a chair where she knew Tom would sit down. She lost a good bunch of her hair by the transaction.

"Here is another year come about now," he wrote on. "A year more of wretched thought and conflict, and not one step nearer to a resolve. Riches never brought with them so complete a Nemesis! It must end. Restitution it must be!"

With that he took forth a great foolscap sheet, and began to write something headed, "I, John Gringe, being of sound mind and body," etc., etc., and worked down steadily to the foot, when it would have been a very perfect instrument indeed, but for the absence of the signature and the two attesting witnesses. But the poor, brain-tossed man had written a whole century of such instruments, yet not one of them was ever executed. For there were other influences tugging at him, making the second party to the conflict. "Then these poor, witless wretches must go out and beg, or starve and die. Restitution or starvation! Starvation or restitution, which, which? And all my doing!" Here he covered up his face; and, swinging his long upper person to and fro, groaned and groaned again.

Perhaps it was this that prevented his taking heed of a letter that little Jen had been vainly pushing into his hands for the last few seconds. The postman had just brought one. He opened it, and began to read mechanically; but was presently trembling all over with excitement. Yet he merely said, in a low voice, "It wanted but this—it wanted but this!" and read it through some half a dozen times. The letter was on soiled paper; was dated from the mean house-of-call in the city, and was very short—so short that it may be given here:

"OLD THREE TUNS INN.

"DEAR MR. GRINGE,—You have never seen me—very likely never heard of me. I am the daughter of your brother, Will Gringe, who, as you may remember, went out quite destitute to the Gold Fields, with his family, and died there of starvation. My husband, who went after them, is dead some two months since, of a fever. I am left with a child, and without a farthing in the world. Help me if you can. Your niece,

"MARY CORAM."

"Poor soul!" he said; "if she only knew!"

CHAPTER III.

SUCH a night as that budget brought to him! Old Gringe tossed and wrestled, and sobbed over his dead brother and family, saying that it was all his work, and seemed likely to go mad. No one heard those ravings, though, for his room was fast barred.

Next day he had gotten on deeper mourning, and had sent to the Three Tuns house-of-call for Mistress Coram.

She came in a trice, and was standing before him, demurely, with her little girl of some six years old. A tall, sharp, black-eyed, reflective girl (for she was no more than a girl), of very few words, but prodigious observation. She took them all in—in her careful first glance,—and was digesting the fruits of that observation all the time after. Old Gringe, who at first has covered up his face, thinking he sees his defunct brother, trembling bids her be of good cheer, for she shall not want for any thing while he lives (no, nor after, he adds to himself). She shall come, he tells her, and live with them—she and her child; to which she answers shortly, that Uncle Gringe is very good to her, and that she will try and be as useful as she can.

The family gather round and survey her curiously; much as the Otaheitan folk did Captain Cook and his men. Nay, Tom the Gaum approaches, and with a stupid reverence, lays his hand upon her sleeve, making as though he would worship like the poor savages. But she at once, and without more ado, had taken off her bonnet, and was busy setting things to rights which she pronounced to be in confusion. Before the end of the day she was about as much at home as though she had been there a whole twelvemonth—nay, had taken up a quiet tone of influence and authority over the wild crew, which they fell under at once unresistingly.

"You are as bad as Bosjesmen, dears," she said, positively calling them dears: "you are really too old for these child's tricks! Only consider, Tom, a great strong man like you ought to be working and helping your family!"

"Dig i' the fields, eh? plow, eh?" Tom asked, with a wise look. "Ecod, I'll think of it."

Gill the Savage stopped his kicking all at once, and the Imp's occupation seemed to be gone. It was only little Jen who stood away from her, looking at her distrustfully, and keeping close under the shadow of old Father Gringe. Mrs. Coram knew it well, too, having said to herself, as she measured them all round, "This is to be the only rebel!" For all that, she was dear Jen, good little Jen, and what not.

Before the week was out old Gringe protested that Mary Coram was the greatest comfort in life to him, and she had wrought the completest reform in the house's economy. No riots at night now. She was teaching the girls women's work, and the men useful things. A great woman was Coram; but she had eyes always open, and there was one little matter that exceedingly mystified her.

"Tom, dear," she said, one day, when Gringe was rooting up stairs among the lumber, "Tom, dear papa seems to take a deal of trouble about his accounts every night!"

"They're not accounts," says Tom; "they're his life and adventures. My eye! they must be full of dogs and horse-racing; don't 'un think so?"

"And, Tom, dear," she went on, "has he always those fits going to bed of nights?"

"Ay," says Tom. "Whist, Cousin Coram, don't tell now on me; but, d'ye know, I think governor is feared o' being hung! so does Gill and Sue. Like enough he's got a body on his mind, eh?" And he walked away mysteriously on tiptoe.

"Tom has, really, for a fool," she said to herself, "wonderful powers of observation."

"He must keep it under his pillow," she said (it was about this time a good hour past midnight, and Snorer's Oratorio was being performed noisily; she standing with a dark-lantern at Old Gringe's bedside); "he must keep it under his pillow," she said, reflecting.

Nor was she out; for, putting in her hand softly, it rubbed against the key and brought it out. A long, ancient, quaintly-shaped key—the key of the buhl cabinet. She went over softly, and fitted it in carefully. Though it gave a short shriek in turning, and Old Gringe moved uneasily in his bed, it did not stay her; for she knew that old men slept heavily. Then there were the inside safes, and the shooting-bolts, and there, at last, was the writing-book, with its key beside it. Moving the dark-lantern full upon its pages, she began to read hastily, up and down. Very curious revelations they were; giving her, as it seemed, extraordinary satisfaction. It was the same story written over and over again (say five or six hundred times) with unmeaning tautology; begun and written out afresh nearly every night; for this sort of confessional practice gave the writer relief and comfort.

"May Heaven in its infinite mercy forgive me!" headed nearly every page. Forgive him what? A single but heinous transgression. Here it is in a sentence: His starved brother had been the eldest brother, and their father's pet, and by ingenious sophistry, prodigious lying, with terrible calumny, he had gotten that father to cut off the eldest with one shilling; to drive him from the door with a paternal curse, and to brand him publicly. The poor outcast had gone forth to struggle, and had, day by day, sunk lower and lower, until it was ended by starvation and death.

As she read the same story told over and over again, her face was contorted with fury and something like grief. Not for a few seconds did she perceive that there was another person standing beside her looking also at the book. No other than little Jen. She was caught in the fact.

"You spy!" said Coram, in a rage. "Go to bed!"

"I shall tell father in the morning," little Jen answered.

Coram laughed under her breath.

"You had better," she said. "I know a secret of his. Take care, my girl; don't play tricks with an old man. You might put him out of the world." And little Jen went off to bed, cowed for the time.

Coram's plot, from that night forth, was wonderfully ingenious. Old Gringe, who had done murder in her eyes, was fraudulently in possession of her money and her child's. The feeble old wretch should be brought to make what atonement was left to him; which indeed he was struggling every night to do.

Here was her tactique, or at least a hint of it; for she wrought it out in a thousand subtle and complex ways, never losing sight of her aim for an instant.

One of those lonely October nights, when all, save the two, were gone to bed, she was sitting beside him, close under the dull influence of the lamp, harping on one theme till long past midnight. Abundant tears from her as she told, so naturally and so minutely, the sad history of her father's slow decadence; of his weary progress downward into the poor man's slough. Painfully she dwelt on his wrestlings, his spasmodic struggle and poor shifts, his gaspings for life and substance up to that final collapse and miserable ending in a lonely place and strange country. Not a throb, not a pang was passed over by her, bending over to the dull flame. It was all told in low, mysterious voice; while Old Gringe, with sharp face, bent forward to the lamp also, and, his thin fingers clutched together, hearkened and breathed hard. Thus she would send him up to bed, reeling and tottering, at something past one o'clock.

You may be sure that the mottled Morgue's man had a brave night of it; while she, the torturess, would smile to herself as she stood alone when he was gone, and say, softly, that it would do. Indeed, it promised fairly enough for those being of sound mind and body. Papers came thick and fast, one being drawn out nearly every day. But always incomplete; without signature, without attestation. She knew well of all these maimed and halting instruments, and stamped impatiently in her chamber. But she held on fast to her torture, working it remorselessly but ingeniously.

"Dearest uncle," she said, "there is some mystery over the business. Poor father often said that wicked people had got between him and his father, and poisoned his ears against his son. I think so too. But who?"

"Who indeed?" said Gringe, trembling.

CORAM (in a low, subdued voice). "They were murderers, uncle—real murderers. There is blood on their hands at this moment. Don't you think so, uncle?" (No answer.) "Their wretched souls are haunted with remorse; and in another world they will have murderers' pay! Don't you think so, uncle?"

This treatment certainly ought to do; but she noticed with uneasiness that little Jen, who had been always held to be silent as a church mouse, had begun to talk with him at length, and in private; and that he seemed to be soothed by her talk. Little Jen, too, was looking at Coram defiantly almost ever since that night of discovery. Perhaps, if she held the poison, little Jen had the antidote. Likely enough; for she once overheard little Jen something to this effect:

"Father, you have something on your mind. Tell your own little Jen? Or don't tell me a word of it." And she would unfold—good as any preacher—what comfort, for even greatest sinners, lay in certain good books and treatises.

Coram hated little Jen; but still her poison was better than little Jen's antidote, and worked all this, while it was getting on to the last day of October. Here was another bit of her tactique, which she plied simultaneously:

"Gill," she says, "I thought you loved horses and riding?"

"So I do," says Gill, rapping out an oath.

"Then why don't you ride?"

"Why? because the old man won't keep a horse for 'un."

"Well," she answers, "all young men of your age have horses, and ride."

"Have they now?" says Gill. "So they have, I believe."

"Your father should let you have a horse: you don't cost him much in other things."

"Dang him, he shall," says Gill. "I'll speak to 'un to-morrow."

"Tom," she says, at another time, "how much pocket-money does your father give you?"

"Not a copper," Tom says, opening his eyes wide.

And thus she worked on Sue and Sal, until, before not many days, they had all, as it were, struck for wages, and had given the old man a bit of their mind. He met them surlily, and told them to get about their business. Nearly open riot was the consequence. Gill was a regular savage now.

Little Jen that same evening came up to her privily and with courage.

"Cousin Coram," she said, "you are a wicked woman. It is you who are setting them all against father. But I promise you I will tell him all about the book, and that night, and what a hypocrite you are. I know your game."

"Bah!" was the only reply she got.

The truth was, Coram knew she durstn't speak; for they were now approaching very fast to the thirty-first of October—a date written down very often in the book; and it was noted how Gringe was getting hourly more excited and more miserable. She, too, had read of that date, and was looking out for its approach. The conflict within him seemed to rage terribly; and outside, the insurrectionists gave no peace. With angry growls and menaces they assailed, gathering round him at all hours.

"Give 'un a horse!" "Money!" they shouted at him until he grew furious at last, and shook his poor, impotent fist at them, and all but cursed them.

Executioner Coram, vigilant torturess, never slackened an instant in her insidious work; and as little Jen stood in her way full as much as the others, she very gingerly put a spoke in her wheel also. Something in this way it was: Old Gringe, raging and tearing over his book, shedding miserable tears, and vowing there is no salvation for him here and hereafter; that evil genius exhorts him to spiritual comfort at the ministration ray of the Reverend Josh MacScarbriar, or even at her hands. Why not tell her the secret of the book as well as to little Jen? Note how cleverly this is put. The old man wakens from his dreams.

"Jen," he says, angrily, "knows nothing of this book! Or does she?" For he had noted, with angry suspicion, how his key had plain marks of being disturbed from under his pillow, and his book was not in the same spot in his cabinet. With trembling eagerness he puts Coram to the question, and extracts from her reluctant soul that she had indeed surprised little Jen one night fiddling at his cabinet. But strict secrecy as to this revelation was enjoined. Henceforth distrust and sour glance at poor Jen. But by that time it had finally come to be the morning of the thirtieth of October, eve of that mysterious thiry-first.

CHAPTER IV.

A GRAY, cold, shivering day, with keen, razor-edged blasts all abroad; dark, sunless, and dispiriting. The crew, who were, as it were, on strike, prowled sullenly in corners, as if they too felt its influence. Old Gringe was not seen at all, but kept himself close in strict retreat in his own chamber. He must have written prodigiously, for every time that Coram's ear was laid to the keyhole it heard the feeble scrapings of a pen over paper.

It grew darker, colder, and more miserable, until it came to five o'clock, when the Reverend Josh MacScarbriar—sent for at Gringe's own request—arrived, and was shown to Gringe's own chamber. That swaddling divine ranted and raved, and shrieked eternal torments at him, for a good two hours; until, indeed, froth gathered on the man's mouth, and his eyeballs protruded. He then went his way.

Finally, about seven o'clock, the old man himself came tottering down, candle in hand, looking like a true ghost; quite ghastly, and all shrunken away since morning. The skin was tightened, drum-like, over his face, and he was bent down like a tall tree in a gale. The day, and the Reverend Josh MacScarbriar, conjointly, had done their work. What was to be the end of it all?

But when that spectral figure came tottering in feebly, the candle dancing up and down in his fingers, looking just as though he had come from his family vault instead of his room, he found complete Pandemonium rife. Then came Babel noise and confusion; and a ring formed in the centre of the room, with cries of "Well done! At him, boy!" and other encouragement. In short, there was a dog-fight going on between the poor old French poodle and the hound, being set against one another by the crew; not being got to fight, it must be owned, without difficulty. Just as the old man entered the sport might be said to be over, for the old poodle had toppled over on his head, and was kicking out his lean hind paws in extremity of death, the hound having made his fangs meet in his throat. A very easy victory it was. Somewhat sobered the crew looked round, and were quite scared at seeing this ghostly old man shaking his shriveled arm at them, invoking speechless punishment on their heads, and then tottering away as he came. They heard him call feebly for Coram, who came to him:

"Tell Scrivendish and his clerk," he said, "to be here the first thing in the morning."

Joyfully and sweetly she laid herself down to rest that night, for she knew now that every thing would be signed, sealed, and delivered with perfect regularity in the morning. True, little Jen had come to her, and told her that she now saw what her wicked plot was; that she, Coram, was killing her poor father by inches, with what end she knew perfectly, and that, surely as the sun rose, she would go to him and expose to him the whole plot.

"Bah!" said Coram, with a loud laugh.

The morning of this anniversary—the thirty-first of October—was now come, and Scrivendish and clerk were waiting below in the gloomy chamber. They were shivering, blue with cold. They were bidden to be in waiting at eight o'clock punctually, and there they were at eight o'clock with writing materials all ready. Coram came down with secret glee.

"You are to go up stairs, gentlemen. I hear Mr. Gringe stirring in his room. Please to walk up."

Old Gringe, with face sharpened from overnight into hatchet shape, peered out at them from the half-opened door.

"Who are there?" he said, in a prying, inquisitive way. "Oh! I know now. Walk in. Be seated. Every thing is very comfortable, as you see."

They walked in, and got out their papers.

"Glad to see you looking so well," Scrivendish said, not regarding much the truth of his speech.

"We had a death in the house last night, Sir," Gringe went on; "an old poodle dog, Sir. A very sad thing. He is to be interred to-morrow with every respect."

Scrivendish looked at his clerk.

"You wished your will, Sir, to be drawn?"

"So I did," said Gringe; "are you ready?"

"Quite," said the other.

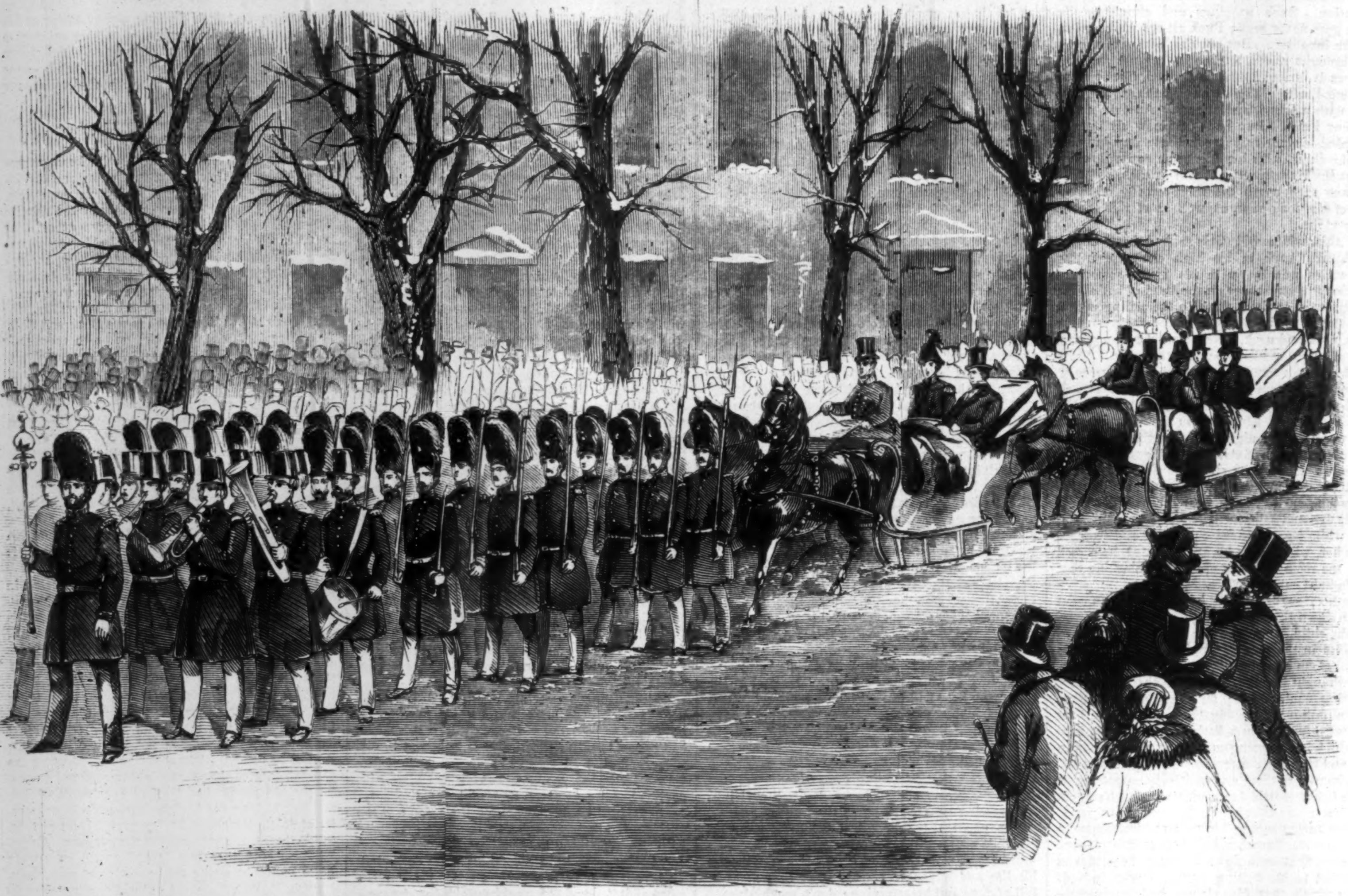
"Just wait a second," said Gringe, going over to the bed; "we must do these things in the regular way—according to law."

And he put on a paper cocked-hat, and took a walking-stick solemnly into his hand, and sat down before them with cheeks puffed out and ridiculous dignity.

He was mad.

CHAPTER V.

THE game was up for Coram, just as she was winning too, which was the more provoking. In a comfortable and select establishment for lunatics Old Gringe sojourned for the remainder of his days, having at last to be measured for a strait-waistcoat, he gave so much trouble. In this uneasy garment he one day raved out of the world, with all his sins upon his head, leaving not so much as a ghost of a will behind him. So little Jen got all. And, if any care to know what she did with it, we can tell them that she did not forget those two wild step-sisters, Sue and Sal; nor would she have forgotten Tom and Gill, only they had gone to the dogs long before. She even offered a share of her wealth to wicked Coram, who actually went out as a governess in respectable families where there were widower fathers.



INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR MORGAN—GOVERNOR KING PROCEEDING TO THE CAPITOL.

THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR MORGAN.

AN attentive correspondent enables us to give, as part of the history of the times, a couple of illustrations of the change which took place on New-Year's Day in the government of the State. Our first illustration depicts Governor King's procession to the State Capitol at Albany, to resign the trust committed to him; the second, the swearing in of his successor, Governor Morgan.

At noon on New-Year's Day the Albany Burgesses Corps, commanded by Capt. Spelman, and attended by Scrieber's band, escorted the Governor elect from his residence to the Capitol. They numbered 57 muskets, and were a fine-looking body of men. At the same time Company B, of the 76th Regiment, commanded by Captain Van Vechten, escorted Governor King to the same place. It was one o'clock when the latter reached the Capitol. The Burgesses were already in possession of the Assembly Chamber; Governor King's escort accordingly fell into line in the Capitol grounds, while the Governor himself entered the building.

The ceremony of inauguration did not occupy over fifteen minutes. It has been so often described that we will only say here that the oath was administered to Governor Morgan by the Secretary of State, and brief speeches made by the outgoing and incoming chief magistrates of the State. After the ceremony, Governor King and his escort adjourned to a hospitable collation at the residence of the former.

We will take this opportunity—as we have felt bound to criticise many of Governor King's acts—to acknowledge that, while his judgment has in our opinion been occasionally faulty, the office he held has never been filled by a man of more purity and rectitude.

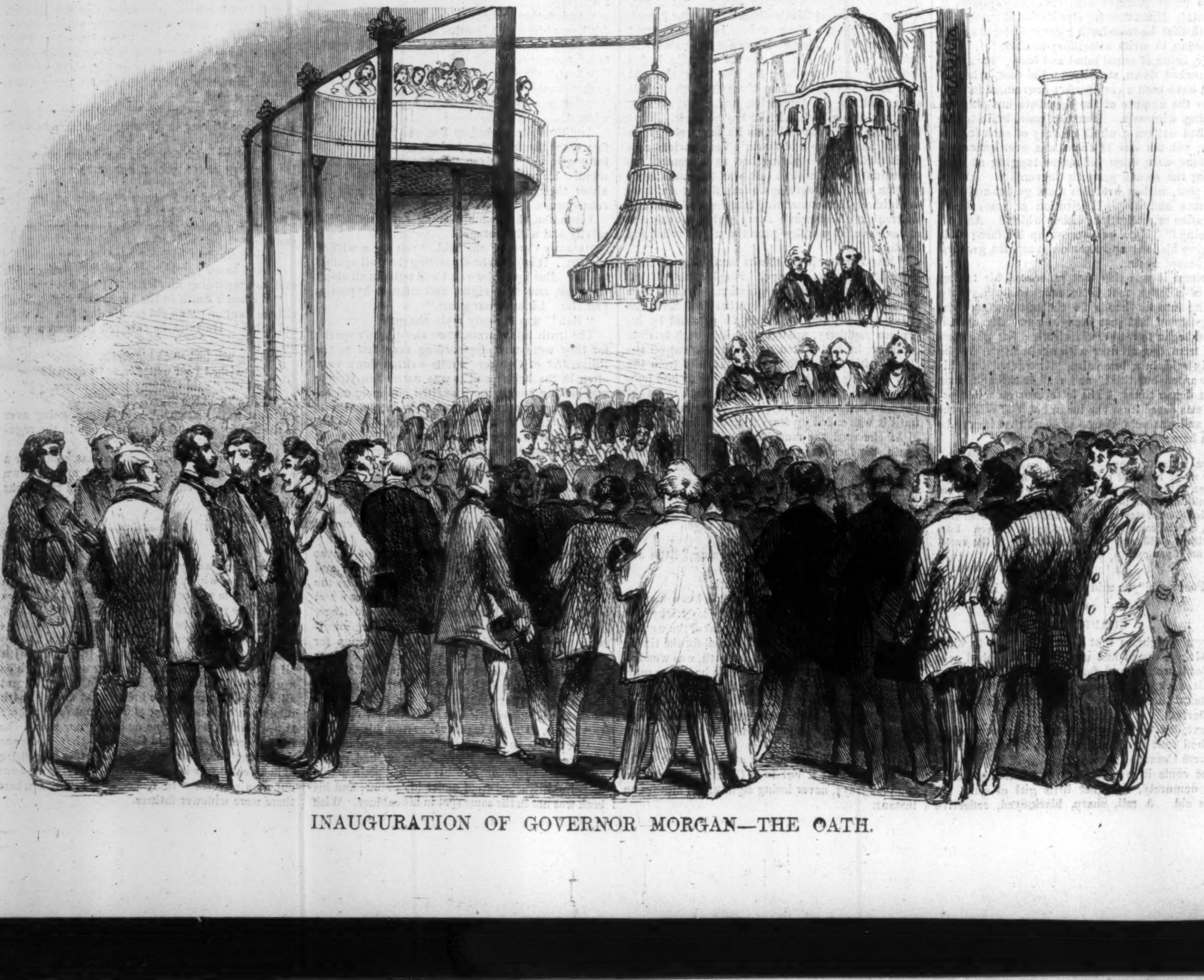
WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IX.

The letter on which Richard Fairthorn relied for the defeat of the conspiracy against Fawley Manor House. Bad aspects for Houses. The House of Vipont is threatened. A Physician attempts to medicine to a mind diseased. A strange communication, which hurries the reader on to the next Chapter.

IT has been said that Fairthorn had committed to a certain letter his last desperate hope that



INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR MORGAN—THE OATH.

something might yet save Fawley from demolition, and himself and his master from an exile's home in that smiling nook of earth to which Horace invited Septimius, as uniting the advantages of a mild climate, excellent mutton, capital wine; and affording to Septimius the prospective privilege of sprinkling a tear over the cinder of his poetical friend while the cinder was yet warm; inducements which had no charm at all to Fairthorn, who was quite satisfied with the Fawley Southdowns—held in just horror all wishy-washy light wines—and had no desire to see Darrell reduced to a cinder for the pleasure of sprinkling that cinder with a tear.

The letter in question was addressed to Lady Montfort. Unscrupulously violating the sacred confidence of his master, the treacherous wretch, after accusing her in language little more consistent with the respect due to the fair sex than that which he had addressed to Sophy, of all the desolation that the perfidious nuptials of Caroline Lyndsay had brought upon Guy Darrell, declared that the least Lady Montfort could do to repair the wrongs inflicted by Caroline Lyndsay, was—not to pity his master!—that her pity was killing him. He repeated, with some grotesque comments of his own, but on the whole not inaccurately, what Darrell had said to him on the subject of her pity. He then informed her of Darrell's consent to Lionel's marriage with Sophy; in which criminal espousals it was clear, from Darrell's words, that Lady Montfort had had some nefarious share. In the most lugubrious colors he brought before her the consequences of that marriage—the extinguished name, the demolished dwelling-place, the renunciation of native soil itself. He called upon her, by all that was sacred, to contrive some means to undo the terrible mischief she had originally occasioned, and had recently helped to complete. His epistle ended by an attempt to conciliate and coax. He revived the image of that wild Caroline Lyndsay to whom He had never refused a favor; whose earliest sums he had assisted to cast up—to whose young idea he had communicated the elementary principles of the musical gamut—to whom he had played on his flute, winter eve and summer noon, by the hour together; that Caroline Lyndsay who, when a mere child, had led Guy Darrell where she willed, as by a thread of silk. Ah, how Fairthorn had leaped for joy when, eighteen years ago, he had thought that Caroline Lyndsay was to be the sunshine and delight of the house to which she had lived to bring the cloud and the grief! And by all these memories, Fairthorn conjured her either to break off the marriage she had evidently helped to bring about, or, failing that, to convince Guy Darrell that he was not the object of her remorseful and affectionate compassion!

Caroline was almost beside herself at the receipt of this letter. The picture of Guy Darrell effacing his very life from his native land, and destroying the last memorials of his birthright and his home—the conviction of the influence she still retained over his bleak and solitary existence—the experience she had already acquired that the influence failed where she had so fondly hoped it might begin to repair and to bless, all overpowered her with emotions of yearning tenderness and unmitigated despair. What could she do? She could not offer herself, again to be rejected. She could not write again, to force her penitence upon the man who, while acknowledging his love to be unconquered, had so resolutely refused to see, in the woman who had once deceived his trust—the Caroline of old! Alas! if he were but under the delusion that her pity was the substitute, and not the companion of love, how could she undeceive him? How say—how write—"Accept me, for I love you." Caroline Montfort had no pride of rank, but she had pride of sex; that pride had been called forth, encouraged, strengthened, throughout all the years of her wedded life. For Guy Darrell's sake, and to him alone, that pride she had cast away—trampled upon; such humility was due to him. But when the humility had been once in vain, could it be repeated—would it not be debasement? In the first experiment she had but to bow to his reproach—in a second experiment she might have but to endure his contempt. Yet how, with her sweet, earnest, affectionate nature—how she longed for one more interview—one more explanation! If chance could but bring it about; if she had but a pretext—a fair reason apart from any interest of her own, to be in his presence once more! But in a few days he would have left England forever—his heart yet more hardened in its resolves by the last sacrifice to what it had so sternly recognized to be a due to others. Never to see him more—never! to know how much in that sacrifice he was suffering now—would perhaps suffer more hereafter, in the reaction that follows all strain upon purpose—and yet not a word of comfort from her—her who felt born to be his comforter!

But this marriage, that cost him so much, must that be? Could she dare, even for his sake, to stand between two such fair young lives as those of Lionel and Sophy—confide to them what Fairthorn had declared—appeal to their generosity? She shrunk from inflicting such intolerable sorrow. Could it be her duty? In her inability to solve this last problem, she bethought herself of Alban Morley; here, at least, he might give advice—offer suggestion. She sent to his house entreating him to call. Her messenger was some hours before he found the Colonel, and then brought back but a few hasty lines—"Impossible to call that day. The Crisis had come at last! The Country, the House of Vipont, the British Empire, were trembling in the balance. The Colonel was engaged every moment for the next twelve hours. He had the present Earl of Montfort, who was intractable and stupid beyond conception, to see and talk over; Carr Vipont was hard at work on the materials for the new Cabinet—Alban was helping Carr Vipont. If the House of Vipont failed England at this moment, it would not be a Crisis, but a CRASH! The Colonel hoped to arrange an interview with Lady Montfort for a minute or two the next day. But perhaps she would excuse him from a journey to Twickenham, and drive into town to see him; if not at home, he would leave word where he was to be found."

By the beard of Jupiter Capitolinus, there are often revolutions in the heart of a woman, during which she is callous to a Crisis, and has not even a fear for a CRASH!

The next day came George's letter to Caroline, with the gentle message from Darrell; and when Dr. F——, whose apprehensions for the state of her health Colonel Morley had by no means exaggerated, called in the afternoon to see the effect of his last prescription, he found her in such utter prostration of nerves and spirits, that he resolved to hazard a dose not much known to great ladies, viz., three grains of plain-speaking, with a minim of frightening.

"My dear lady," said he, "yours is a case in which physicians can be of very little use. There is something on the mind which my prescriptions fail to reach; worry of some sort—decidedly worry. And unless you yourself can either cure that, or will make head against it, worry, my dear Lady Montfort, will end, not in consumption—you are too finely formed to let worry eat holes in the lungs—no; but in a confirmed aneurism of the heart, and the first sudden shock might then be immediately fatal. The heart is a noble organ—bears a great deal—but still its endurance has limits. Heart complaints are more common than they were;—over-education and over-civilization, I suspect. Very young people are not so subject to them; they have flurry, not worry—a very different thing. A good chronic silent grief of some years' standing, that gets worried into acute inflammation at the age when feeling is no longer fancy, throws out a heart-disease which sometimes kills without warning, or sometimes, if the grief be removed, will rather prolong than shorten life, by inducing a prudent avoidance of worry in future. There is that worthy old gentleman who was taken so ill at Fawley, and about whom you were so anxious; in his case there had certainly been chronic grief; then came acute worry, and the heart could not get through its duties. Fifty years ago doctors would have cried 'apoplexy!'—nowadays we know that the heart saves the head. Well, he was more easy in his mind the last time I saw him, and, thanks to his temperance, and his constitutional dislike to self-indulgence in worry, he may jog on to eighty, in spite of the stenoscope! Excess in the moral emotions gives heart-disease; abuse of the physical powers, paralysis;—both more common than they were—the first for your gentle sex, the second for our rough one. Both, too, lie in wait for their victims at the entrance into middle life. I have a very fine case of paralysis now; a man built up by nature to live to a hundred—never saw such a splendid formation—such bone and such muscle. I would have given Van Amburgh the two best of his lions, and my man would have done for all three in five minutes. All the worse for him, my dear lady—all the worse for him. His strength leads him on to abuse the main fountains of life, and out jumps avenging Paralysis and fells him to earth with a blow. 'Tis your Hercules that Paralysis loves; she despises the weak invalid, who prudently shuns all excess. And so, my dear lady, that assassin called Aneurism lies in wait for the hearts that abuse their own force of emotion; sparing hearts that, less vital, are thrifty in waste and supply. But you are not listening to me! And yet my patient may not be quite unknown to your ladyship; for in happening to mention, the other day, to the lady who attends to and nurses him, that I could not call this morning, as I had a visit to pay to Lady Montfort at Twickenham, she became very anxious about you and wrote this note which she begged me to give you. She seems very much attached to my patient—not his wife nor his sister. She interests me;—capital nurse—cleverish woman too. Oh! here is the note."

Caroline, who had given but little heed to this recital, listlessly received the note—scarcely looked at the address—and was about to put it aside, when the good doctor, who was intent upon rousing her by any means, said, "No, my dear lady, I promised that I would see you read the note; besides, I am the most curious of men, and dying to know a little more who and what is the writer."

Caroline broke the seal and read as follows:

"If Lady Montfort remembers Arabella Fossett, and will call at Clare Cottage, Vale of Health, Hampstead, at her ladyship's earliest leisure, and ask for Mrs. Crane, some information, not perhaps important to Lady Montfort, but very important to Mr. Darrell, will be given."

Lady Montfort startled the doctor by the alertness with which she sprang to her feet and rang the bell.

"What is it?" asked he.

"The carriage immediately," cried Lady Montfort as the servant entered.

Ah! you are going to see the poor lady, Mrs. Crane, eh? Well, it is a charming drive, and just what I should have recommended. Any exertion will do you good. Allow me;—why your pulse is already fifty per cent. better. Pray, what relation is Mrs. Crane to my patient?"

"I really don't know; pray excuse me, my dear Dr. F——."

"Certainly; go while the day is fine. Wrap up;—a close carriage, mind;—and I will look in to-morrow."

CHAPTER X.

Wherein is insinuated the highest compliment to Woman ever paid to her sex by the Author of this work.

Lady Montfort has arrived at Clare Cottage. She is shown by Bridget Greggs into a small room upon the first floor; folding-doors to some other room, closely shut—evidences of sickness in the house;—phials on the chimney-piece—a tray with a broth basin on the table—a saucepan on the hob—the sofa one of those that serve as a bed which sleep little visits for one who may watch through the night over some helpless sufferer—a woman's shawl thrown carelessly over its hard narrow bolster;—all, in short, betraying that pathetic untidiness and discomfort which says that a despot is in the house to whose will order and form are subordinate;—the imperious Tyranny of Disease establishing itself in a life that, within those four walls, has a value not to be measured by its worth to the world beyond. The more feeble and helpless the sufferer, the more sovereign the despotism—the more submissive the servitude.

In a minute or two one of the folding-doors silently opened, and as silently closed, admitting into Lady Montfort's presence a grim woman in iron gray.

Caroline could not, at the first glance, recognize that Arabella Fossett of whose handsome, if somewhat too strongly defined and sombre countenance, she had retained a faithful reminiscence. But Arabella had still the same imposing manner which had often repressed the gay spirits of her young pupil; and as she now motioned the great lady to a seat, and placed herself beside, an awed recollection of the school-room bowed Caroline's lovely head in mute respect.

Mrs. Crane. "You too are changed since I saw you last—that was more than five years ago, but you are not less beautiful. *You* can still be loved; *you* would not scare away the man whom you might desire to save. Sorrow has its partialities. Do you know that I have a cause to be grateful to you, without any merit of your own. In a very dark moment of my life—only vindictive and evil passions crowding on me—your face came across my sight. Goodness seemed there so beautiful—and, in this face, Evil looked so haggard! Do not interrupt me. I have but few minutes to spare you. Yes; at the sight of that face, gentle recollections rose up. You had ever been kind to me; and truthful, Caroline Lyndsay—truthful. Other thoughts came at the beam of that face, as other thoughts come when a strain of unexpected music reminds us of former days. I can not tell how, but from that moment a something more like womanhood than I had known for years entered into my heart. Within that same hour I was sorely tried—galled to the quick of my soul. Had I not seen you before, I might have dreamed of nothing but a stern and dire revenge. And a purpose of revenge I *did* form. But it was not to destroy—it was to save! I resolved that the man who laughed to scorn the idea of vows due to me—vows to bind life to life—should yet sooner or later be as firmly mine as if he had kept his troth; that my troth at least should be kept to him, as if it had been uttered at the altar. Hush, did you hear a moan?—No! He lies yonder, Caroline Lyndsay—mine, indeed, till the grave us do part. These hands have closed over him, and he rests in their clasp, helpless as an infant."

Involuntarily Caroline recoiled. But looking into that care-worn face, there was in it so wild a mixture of melancholy tenderness, with a resolved and fierce expression of triumph, that, more impressed by the tenderness than by the triumph, the woman sympathized with the woman; and Caroline again drew near, nearer than before, and in her deep soft eyes pity alone was seen. Into those eyes Arabella looked as if spell-bound, and the darker and sterner expression in her own face gradually relaxed and fled, and only the melancholy tenderness was left behind. She resumed:

"I said to Guy Darrell that I would learn, if possible, whether the poor child whom I ill-used in my most wicked days, and whom you, it seems, have so benignly sheltered, was the daughter of Matilda—or, as he believed, of a yet more hateful mother. Long ago I had conceived a suspicion that there was some ground to doubt poor Jasper's assertion, for I had chanced to see two letters addressed to him—one from that Gabrielle Desmarets, whose influence over his life had been so baleful—in which she spoke of some guilty plunder with which she was coming to London, and invited him again to join his fortunes with her own. Oh, but the cold, bloodless villainy of the tone!—the ease with which crimes for a gibbet were treated as topics for wit!" Arabella stopped—the same shudder came over her as when she had concluded the epistles abstracted from the dainty pocket-book. "But in the letter were also allusions to Sophy, to another attempt on Darrell to be made by Gabrielle herself. Nothing very clear; but a doubt did suggest itself—'Is she writing to him about his own child?' The other letter was from the French nurse with whom Sophy had been placed as an infant. It related to inquiries in person, and a visit to her own house, which Mr. Darrell had recently made; that letter also seemed to imply some deception, though but by a few dubious words. At that time the chief effect of the suspicion these letters caused was but to make me more bent on repairing to Sophy my cruelties to her childhood. What if I had been cruel to an infant who, after all, was not the daughter of that false, false Matilda Darrell! I kept in my memory the French nurse's address. I thought that when in France I might seek and question her. But I lived only for one absorbing end. Sophy was not then in danger; and even my suspicions as to her birth died away. Pass on:—Guy Darrell! Ah, Lady Montfort! his life has been imbittered like mine; but he was man, and could bear it better. He has known, himself, the misery of broken faith, of betrayed affection, which he could pity so little when its blight fell on me; but you have excuse for desertion—you yourself were deceived; and I pardon him, for he pardoned Jasper, and we are fellow-sufferers. You weep! Pardon my rudeness. I did not mean to pain you. Try and listen calmly—I must hurry on. On leaving Mr. Darrell I crossed to France. I saw the nurse; I have ascertained the truth; here are the proofs in this packet. I came back—I saw Jasper Losely. He was on the eve of seeking you, whom he had already so wronged—of claiming the child, or rather of extorting money for the renunciation of a claim to one whom you had adopted. I told him how vainly he had hitherto sought to fly from me. One by one I recited the guilty schemes in which I had baffled his purpose—all the dangers from which I had rescued his life. I commanded him to forbear the project he had then commenced. I told him I would frustrate that project as I had frustrated others. Alas, alas! why is this tongue so harsh?—why does this face so belie the idea of human kindness? I did but enrage and madden him; he felt but the reckless impulse to destroy the life that then stood between himself and the objects to which he had pledged his own self-destruction. I thought I should die by his hand. I did not quail. Ah! the ghastly change that came over his face—the one glance of amaze and superstitious horror; his arm obeyed him not; his strength, his limbs forsook him; he fell at my feet—one side of him stricken dead! Hist! that is his voice—pardon me;" and Arabella flitted from the room, leaving the door ajar.

A feeble Voice, like the treble of an infirm old man, came painfully to Caroline's ear.

"I want to turn; help me. Why am I left alone? It is cruel to leave me so—cruel!"

In the softest tones to which that harsh voice *could* be tuned, the grim woman apologized and soothed.

"You gave me leave, Jasper dear. You said it would be a relief to you to have her pardon as well as theirs."

"Whose pardon?" asked the Voice, querulously.

"Caroline Lyndsay's—Lady Montfort's."

"Nonsense! What did I ever do against her? Oh—ah! I remember now. Don't let me have it over again. Yes—she pardons me, I suppose! Get me my broth, and don't be long!"

Arabella came back, closing the door; and while she busied herself with that precious saucepan on the hob—to which the Marchioness of Montfort had become a very secondary object—she said, looking toward Caroline from under her iron-gray ringlets—

"You heard—*he misses me!* He can't bear me out of his sight now—me, me! You heard!"

Meekly Lady Montfort advanced, bringing in her hand the tray with the broth basin.

"Yes, I heard! I must not keep you; but let me help while I stay."

So the broth was poured forth and prepared, and with it Arabella disappeared. She returned in a few minutes, beckoned to Caroline, and said, in a low voice—

"Come in—say you forgive him! Oh, you need not fear him; a babe could not fear him now!"

Caroline followed Arabella into the sick-room. No untidiness there; all so carefully, thoughtfully arranged. A pleasant room, too—with windows looking full on the sunniest side of the Vale of Health; the hearth so cheerily clear, swept so clean—the very ashes out of sight; flowers—costly exotics—on the table, on the mantle-piece; the couch drawn toward the window; and on that couch, in the gay rich dressing-gown of former days, warm coverlets heaped on the feet, snow-white pillows propping the head, lay what at first seemed a vague, undistinguishable mass—lay, what, as the step advanced, and the eye became more accurately searching, grew into Jasper Losely.

Yes! there, too weak indeed for a babe to fear, lay all that was left of the Strong Man! No enemy but himself had brought him thus low—spendthrift, and swindler, and robber of his own priceless treasures—Health and Strength—those grand rent-rolls of joy which Nature had made his inheritance. As a tree that is crumbling to dust under the gnarls of its bark, seems, the moment ere it falls, proof against time and the tempest;—so, within all decayed, stood that image of strength—so, air scarcely stirring, it fell. "And the pitcher was broken at the fountain; and the wheel was broken at the cistern. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher."

Jasper turned his dull eye toward Caroline, as she came softly to his side, and looked at her with a piteous gaze. The stroke that had shattered the form had spared the face; and illness and compulsory abstinence from habitual stimulants had taken from the aspect much of the coarseness—whether of shape or color—that of late years had disfigured its outline—and supplied the delicacy that ends with youth by the delicacy that comes with the approach of death. So that, in no small degree, the beauty which had been to him so fatal a gift, was once more visible—the features growing again distinct, as wanness succeeded to the hues of intemperance, and emaciation to the bloated cheeks and swollen muscle. The goddess whose boons adorn the outward shell of the human spirit, came back to her favorite's death-couch as she had come to the cradle—not now as the Venus Erycina, goddess of Smile and Jest, but as the warning Venus Libitina, the goddess of Doom and the Funeral.

"I'm a very poor creature," said Jasper, after a pause. "I can't rise—I can't move without help. Very strange!—supernatural! She always said that if I raised my hand against her it would fall palsied!" He turned his eye toward Arabella with a glare of angry terror. "She is a witch!" he said, and buried his face in the pillow. Tears rolled down the grim woman's cheek.

LADY MONTFORT. "She is rather your good ministering spirit. Do not be unkind to her. Over her you have more power now than you had when you were well and strong. She lives but to serve you; command her gently."

Jasper was not proof against that sweet voice. With difficulty he wrenched himself round, and again looked long at Caroline Montfort, as if the sight did him good; then he made a sign to Arabella, who flew to his side and raised him.

"I have been a sad dog," he said, with a mournful attempt at the old rollicking tone—"a very sad dog—in short, a villain! But all ladies are indulgent to villains—in fact, prefer them. Never knew a lady who could endure 'a good young man'—never! So I am sure you will forgive me, miss—ma'am. Who is this lady? when it comes to forgiveness, there are so many of them! Oh, I remember now—your ladyship will forgive me—'tis all down in black and white what I've done—Bella has it. You see *this* hand—I can write with this hand—this is not paralyzed. This is not the hand I tried to raise against her. But, *basta, basta!* where was I? My poor head!—I know what it is to have a head now!—ache, ache!—boom, boom—weight, weight—heavy as a church bell—hollow as a church bell—noisy as a church bell! Brandy! give me brandy, you witch!—I mean Bella, good Bella, give me brandy!"

"Not yet, Jasper dear. You are to have it every third hour; it is not time yet, dearest; you must attend to the doctor, and try to get well and recover your strength. You remember I told you how kind Lady Montfort had been to your father, and you wished to see and thank her."

"My father—my poor, poor father! You've been kind to him! Bless you, bless you! And you will see him? I want his pardon before I die. Don't forget, and—and—"

"Poor Sophy!" said Mrs. Crane.

"Ah yes! But she's well off now, you tell me. I can't think I have injured her. And really girls and women are intended to be a little useful to one. *Basta, Basta!*"

"Mr. Darrell—"

"Yes, yes, yes! I forgive him, or he forgives me; settle it as you like. But my father's pardon, Lady Montfort, you will get me *that!*"

"I will, I will."

He looked at her again, and smiled. Arabella gently let his head fall back upon the pillow.

"Throw a handkerchief over my face," he said, feebly, "and leave me; but be in call; I feel sleepy." His eyes closed; he seemed asleep even before they stole from the room.

"You will bring his father to him?" said Arabella, when she and Lady Montfort were again alone. "In this packet is Jasper's confession of the robbery for which that poor old man suffered. I never knew of that before. But you see how mild he is now!—how his heart is changed; it is indeed changed more than he shows; only you have seen him at the worst—his mind wanders a little to-day; it does sometimes. I have a favor to ask of you. I once heard a preacher, not many months ago; he affected me as no preacher ever did before. I was told that he was Colonel Morley's nephew. Will you ask Colonel Morley to persuade him to come to Jasper?"

"My cousin, George Morley! He shall come, I promise you; so shall your poor patient's forgiving father. Is there more I can do?"

"No. Explain to Mr. Darrell the reason why I have so long delayed sending to him the communication which he will find in the packet I have given to you, and which you will first open, reading the contents yourself—a part of them, at least, in Jasper's attestation of his stratagem to break off your marriage with Mr. Darrell, may yet be of some value to you—you had better also show the papers to Colonel Morley—he may complete the task—I had meant, on returning to England, or before seeing Mr. Darrell, to make the inquiries which you will see are still necessary. But then came this terrible affliction! I have been able to think of nothing else but Jasper—terrible to quit the house which contains him for an hour—only when Dr. F. told me that he was attending you, that you were ill and suffering, I resolved to add to this packet Jasper's own confession. Ah, and he gave it so readily, and went yesterday through the fatigue of writing with such good heart. I tell you that there is a change within him; there *is*—there *is!* Well, well—I resolved to give you the packet to transmit to Mr. Darrell; for somehow or other I connected your illness with your visit to him at Fawley!"

"My visit to Mr. Darrell!"

"Jasper saw you as your carriage drove from the park gate, not very many days since. Ah, you change color! You have wronged that man; repair the wrong; you have the power!"

"Alas! no," murmured Caroline, "I have not the power."

"Pooh—he loves you still. *You* are not one of those whom men forget."

Caroline was silent, but involuntarily she lowered her vail. In an instant the acute sense of the grim woman detected the truth.

"Ah! Pride—pride in both," she said. "I understand—I dare not blame *him* here. But you—you were the injurer; you have no right to pride; you will see him again!"

"No—never—never!" faltered Caroline, with accents scarcely audible under her vail.

Arabella was silent for a moment, and Lady Montfort rose hastily to depart.

"You will see him again, I tell you;" and Arabella then, following her to the door—

"Stay; do you think HE will die?"

"Good Heavens! Mr. Darrell?"

"No, no—Jasper Losely!"

"I hope not. What does Dr. F. say?"

"He will not tell me. But it is not the paralysis alone; he might recover from that—so young still. There are other symptoms; that dreadful habit of stimulants. He sinks if he has them not—they hasten death if he has. But—but—but—HE IS MINE, AND MINE ONLY, TO THE GRAVE NOW!"

CHAPTER XI.

The Crisis—Public and Private.

LADY MONTFORT'S carriage stopped at Colonel Morley's door just as Carr Vipont was coming out. Carr, catching sight of her, bustled up to the carriage window.

"My dear Lady Montfort!—not seen you for an age! What times we live in! How suddenly THE CRISIS has come upon us! Sad loss in poor dear Montfort; no wonder you mourn for him! Had his failings, true—who is not mortal?—but always voted right; always to be relied on in times of CRISIS! But this crotchety fellow, who has so unluckily, for all but himself, walked into that property, is the loosest fish! And what is a House divided against itself! Never was the Constitution in such peril!—I say it deliberately!—and here is the Head of the Viponts humming and haaing, and asking whether Guy Darrell will join the Cabinet. And if Guy Darrell will not, we have no more chance of the Montfort interest than if we were Peep-o'-Day Boys. But excuse me—I must be off; every moment is precious in times of CRISIS. Think, if we can't form a Cabinet by to-morrow night—only think what may happen; the other fellows will come in, and then—THE DELUGE!"

Carr is gone to find mops and Dame Partingtons to stave off the Deluge. Colonel Morley has obeyed Lady Montfort's summons, and has entered the carriage. Before she can speak, however, he has rushed into the subject of which he himself is full. "Only think—I knew it would be so when the moment came; all depends upon Guy Darrell! Montfort, who seems always in a fright lest a newspaper should fall on his head and crush him, says that if Darrell, whom he chooses to favor just because the newspapers do, declines to join, the newspapers will say the CRISIS is a job! Fancy!—a job—the CRISIS! Lord Mowbray de l'Arco and Sir Josiah Snodge, who are both necessary to a united government, but who unluckily detest each other, refuse to sit in the same Cabinet, unless Darrell sit between—to save them, I suppose, from the fate of the cats of Kilkenny. Sir John Cautly, our crack county member, declares that if Darrell does not come in, 'tis because the CRISIS is going too far! Harry Bold, our most popular speaker, says, if Darrell stay out, 'tis a sign that the CRISIS is a retrograde movement! In short, without Darrell, the CRISIS will be a failure, and the House of Vipont smashed—Lady Montfort—smashed! I sent a telegram (oh, that I should live to see such a word introduced into the English language!—but, as Carr says, what times these are!) to Fawley this morning, entreating Guy to come up to town at once. He answers by a line from Horace, which means, 'that he will see me shot first.' I must go down to him; only waiting to know the result of certain negotiations as to measures. I have but one hope. There *is* a measure which Darrell always privately advocated—which he thoroughly understands—which, placed in his hands, would be triumphantly carried; one of those measures, Lady Montfort, which, if defective, shipwreck a government; if framed as Guy Darrell could frame it, immortalize the minister who concocts and carries them. This is all that Darrell needs to complete his fame and career. This is at length an occasion to secure a durable name in the history of his country; let him reject it, and I shall tell him frankly that his life has been but a brilliant failure. Since he has not a seat in Parliament, and usage requires the actual possession of that qualification for a seat in the Cabinet, we must lose his voice in the Commons. But we can arrange that; for if Darrell will but join the government and go to the Lords, Sir Josiah Snodge, who has a great deal of voice and a great deal of jealousy, will join too—head the Vipont interests in the Commons—and speak to the country—speak every night—and all night too, if required. Yes! Darrell must take the peerage—devote himself for a year or two to this great measure—to the consolidation of his fame—to the redemption of the House of Vipont—and to the Salvation of the Empire; and then, if he please, 'solve senescentem'—that is, he may retire from harness, and browse upon laurels for the rest of his days!"

Colonel Morley delivered himself of this long address without interruption from a listener interested in every word that related to Guy Darrell, and in every hope that could reunite him to the healthful activities of life.

It was now Lady Montfort's turn to speak; though, after subjects so momentous as the CRISIS and its speculative consequences, private affairs, relating to a poor little girl like Sophy—nay, the mere private affairs of Darrell himself, seemed a pitiful bathos. Lady Montfort, however, after a few words of womanly comment upon the only part of the Colonel's discourse which touched her heart, hastened on to describe her interview with Arabella, and the melancholy condition of Darrell's once formidable son-in-law. For that last the Colonel evinced no more compassionate feeling than any true Englishman, at the time I am writing, would demonstrate for a murderous Sepoy tied to the mouth of a cannon.

"A very good riddance!" said the Colonel, dryly. "Great relief to Darrell, and to every one else whom that monster tormented and preyed on; and with his life will vanish the only remaining obstacle in righting poor Willy's good name. I hope to live to collect, from all parts of the country, Willy's old friends, and give them a supper, at which I suppose I must not get drunk, though I should rather like it than not! But I interrupt you; go on."

Lady Montfort proceeded to state the substance of the papers she had perused in reference to the mystery which had been the cause of so much disquietude and bitterness.

The Colonel stretched out his hand eagerly for the documents thus quoted. He hurried his eye rapidly over the contents of the first paper he lit on, and then said, pulling out his watch, "Well, I have half an hour yet to spare in discussing these matters with you—may I order your coachman to drive round the Regent's Park?—better than keeping it thus at my door—with four old maids for opposite neighbors." The order was given, and the Colonel again returned to the papers. Suddenly he looked up—looked full into Lady Montfort's face, with a thoughtful, searching gaze, which made her drop her own eyes; and she saw that he had been reading Jasper's confession, relating to his device for breaking off her engagement to Darrell, which in her hurry and excitement she had neglected to abstract from the other documents. "Oh, not that paper—you are not to read that," she cried, quickly covering the writing with her hand.

"Too late, my dear cousin. I have read it. All is now clear. Lionel was right; and I was right, too, in my convictions though Darrell put so coolly aside my questions when I was last at Fawley. I am justified now in all the pains I took to secure Lionel's marriage—in the cunning cruelty of my letter to George! Know, Lady Montfort, that if Lionel had sacrificed his happiness to respect for Guy's ancestor-worship, Guy Darrell would have held himself bound in honor never to marry again. He told me so—told me he should be a cheat if he took any step to rob one from whom he had exacted such an offering—of the name, and the heritage for which the offering had been made. And I then resolved that County Guy should not thus irrevocably shut the door on his own happiness! Lady Montfort, you know that this man loves you—as, verily, I believe, never man in our cold century loved woman—through desertion—through change—amidst grief—amidst resentment—despite pride; dead to all other love—shrinking from all other ties—on, constant on—carrying in the depth of his soul to the verge of age, secret and locked up, the hopeless passion of his manhood. Do you not see that it is through you, and you alone, that Guy Darrell has for seventeen years been lost to the country he was intended to serve and to adorn? Do you not feel that if he now reject this last opportunity to redeem years so wasted, and achieve a fame that may indeed link his Ancestral Name to the honors of Posterity, you, and you alone, are the cause?"

"Alas—alas—but what can I do?"

"Do!—ay, true. The poor fellow is old now; you can not care for him!—you still young, and so unluckily beautiful!—you, for whom young princes might vie. True; you can have no feeling for Guy Darrell, except pity!"

"*Pity!* I hate the word!" cried Lady Montfort, with as much petulance as if she had still been the wayward lively Caroline of old.

Again the Man of the World directed toward her face his shrewd eyes, and dropped out, "See him!"

"But I have seen him. You remember I went to plead for Lionel and Sophy—in vain!"

"Not in vain. George writes me word that he has informed you of Darrell's consent to their marriage. And I am much mistaken if his greatest consolation in the pang that consent must have cost him is not the thought that it relieves you from the sorrow and remorse his refusal had occasioned to you. Ah! there is but one person who can restore Darrell to the world—and that is yourself!"

Lady Montfort shook her head drearily.

"If I had but an excuse—with dignity—with self-respect—to—to—"

"An excuse! You have an absolute necessity to communicate with Darrell. You have to give to him these documents—to explain how you came by them. Sophy is with him; you are bound to see her on a subject of such vital importance to herself. Scruples of prudery! You, Caroline Lyndsay, the friend of his daughter—you whose childhood was reared in his very house—you whose mother owed to him such obligations—you to scruple in being the first to acquaint him with information affecting him so nearly! And why, forsooth? Because, ages ago, your hand was, it seems, engaged to him, and you were deceived by false appearances, like a silly young girl as you were."

Again Lady Montfort shook her head drearily—drearily.

"Well," said the Colonel, changing his tone, "I will grant that those former ties can't be renewed now. The man now is as old as the hills, and you had no right to expect that he would have suffered so much at being very naturally jilted for a handsome young Marquis."

"Cease, Sir, cease!" cried Caroline, angrily. The Colonel coolly persisted.

"I see now that such nuptials are out of the question. But has the world come to such a pass that one can never at any age have a friend in a lady unless she marry him? Scruple to accompany me—me, your cousin—me, your nearest surviving relation—in order to take back the young lady you have virtually adopted!—scruple to trust yourself for half an hour to that tumble-down old Fawley! Are you afraid that the gossips will say you, the Marchioness of Montfort, are running after a gloomy old widower, and scheming to be mistress of a mansion more like a ghost-trap than a residence for civilized beings? Or are you afraid that Guy Darrell will be fool and fop enough to think you are come to force on him your hand? Pooh, pooh! Such scruples would be in place if you were a portionless, forward girl; or if he were a conceited young puppy, or even a suspicious old *roué*. But Guy Darrell—a man of his station, his character, his years! And you, cousin Caroline, what are you? Surely, lifted above all such pitiful crotchets by a rank among the loftiest gentlewomen of England;—ample fortune, a beauty that in itself is rank and wealth; and, above all, a character that has passed with venerated purity through that ordeal in which every eye seeks a spot, every ear invites a scandal. But as you will. All I say is, that Darrell's future may be in your hands; that, after to-morrow, the occasion to give at least noble occupation and lasting renown to a mind that is devouring itself and stifling its genius, may be irrevocably lost; and that I do believe, if you said to-morrow to Guy Darrell, 'You refused to hear me when I pleaded for what you thought a disgrace to your name, and yet even *that* you at last conceded to the voice of affection as if of duty—now hear me when I plead by the side of your oldest friend on behalf of your honor, and in the name of your forefathers'—if YOU SAY THAT, he is won to his country. You will have repaired a wrong; and, pray, will you have compromised your dignity?"

Caroline had recoiled into the corner of the carriage, her mantle close drawn round her breast, her vail lowered; but no sheltering garb or vail could conceal her agitation.

The Colonel pulled the check-string. "Nothing so natural; you are the widow of the Head of the House of Vipont. You are, or ought to be, deeply interested in its fate. An awful CRISIS, long expected, has occurred. The House trembles. A connection of that House can render it an invaluable service; that connection is the man at whose hearth your childhood was reared; and you go with me—me, who am known to be moving heaven and earth for every vote that the House can secure, to canvass this wavering connection for his support and assistance. Nothing, I say, so natural; and yet you scruple to serve the House of Vipont—to save your country! You may well be agitated. I leave you to your own reflections. My time runs short; I will get out here. Trust me with these documents. I will see to the rest of this long painful subject. I will send a special report to you this evening, and you will reply by a single line to the prayer I have ventured to address to you."

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

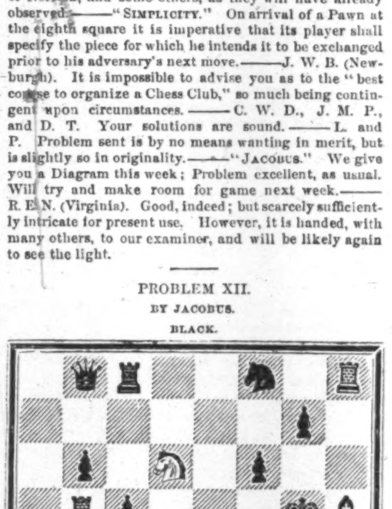
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"BISHOP." Philadelphia's thirteenth move was "P to K Kt 3," the obvious and only move to prevent checkmate.——"NEX." With Queen at Knight's eighth.——F. A. S. (Cincinnati), S. F., J. M., D. R., C. L. W. Quite right *re* Problem X. Not so "SCACCO MATTO," of Norfolk, and some others, as they will have already observed.——"SIMPLICITY." On arrival of a Pawn at the eighth square it is imperative that its player shall specify the piece for which he intends it to be exchanged prior to his adversary's next move.——J. W. B. (Newburgh). It is impossible to advise you as to the "best course to organize a Chess Club," so much being contingent upon circumstances.——C. W. D., J. M. P., and D. T. Your solutions are sound.——L. and P. Problem sent is by no means wanting in merit, but is slightly so in originality.——"JACOBUS." We give you a Diagram this week; Problem excellent, as usual. Will try and make room for game next week.——R. E. N. (Virginia). Good, indeed; but scarcely sufficiently intricate for present use. However, it is handed, with many others, to our examiner, and will be likely again to see the light.

PROBLEM XII.

BY JACOBUS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in five moves.

We regret to learn, by latest telegraphic advices from Paris, that the state of Mr Morphy's health is such that he is under the *surveillance* of his physician. But there is every hope that within a very short period we may be permitted to chronicle the result of his expected encounter with Mr. Anderssen of Breslau, one of the few chess magnates with whom he has not as yet measured steel.

The following game between Messrs. Paul Morphy and J. Thompson was contested prior to Mr. M.'s departure from these shores for the scenes of his subsequent and world-wide European triumphs. So far as our old friend and sturdy antagonist, Mr. Thompson, is concerned, we may be permitted to say that, in the "Evan's" gambit, we know of no competitor, in these regions, to whom Mr. M.'s unusual powers would have been so necessary as to compel him to succumb.

(Evan's Gambit.)

	Mr. J. Thompson.	*Mr. P. Morphy.*
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3.	K B to B 4	K B to B 4
4.	P to Q Kt 4	K B takes Kt P
5.	P to Q B 3	K B to R 4
6.	P to Q 4	K P takes P
7.	Castles	P to Q 3
8.	B P takes P	K B to Kt 3
9.	P to Q 5	Q Kt to K 2
10.	P to K 5	Q Kt to Kt 3
11.	K Kt to Kt 5	K Kt to K 2
12.	K R to K square	Castles
13.	Q to K R 5	P to K R 3
14.	K Kt to K 4	Q Kt takes K P
15.	Q B takes R P	Kt P takes B
16.	K Kt to B 6 (ch)	K to Kt 2
17.	K R takes Q Kt	Q P takes K R
18.	Q takes K P	K to R square
19.	B to Q 3	Q to Q 3
20.	Q to Kt 2	Q to K B 5
21.	K Kt to K 4 (ch)	P to B 3
22.	P to K Kt 3	Q to K 4
23.	Q to Q 2	Kt to Kt square
24.	Q Kt to B 3	P to K B 4

Mr. Thompson resigns.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Jan.* 8, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets opened with the New Year more firmly for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs. Flour has been in good demand. Grain, however, has been lightly dealt in....Cotton has been in fair request and has advanced slightly....Provisions have been more sought after, closing irregularly .... Coffee, Teas, and Rice have been in moderate demand at steady rates. Sugars and Molasses have been pretty freely purchased at firmer prices....Hay has been scarce and in request at higher figures.... Naval Stores, Oils, Hides, and Leather have been held with more firmness, but the inquiry has not been very brisk....Tobacco and Wool have been in more demand....The Dry Goods trade has also exhibited more animation. The Spring business now being commenced, it is anticipated, will be extensive and satisfactory. The value of the week's imports has been $1,271,870 against $501,430 the same week last year.... The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl........	$3 75	@	$4 25
Superfine to extra State, per barrel...	4 30	@	5 35
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 40	@	5 10
Extra Western, per barrel............	5 00	@	8 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	5 35	@	7 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel...........	5 50	@	6 60
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 75	@	8 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 25	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel................	3 40	@	4 00
White Wheat, per bushel..............	1 20	@	1 55
Red Wheat, per bushel................	68	@	1 28
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	80	@	—
Rye, per bushel	77	@	80
Barley, per bushel...................	70	@	92½
Western Oats, per bushel	57	@	59½
State Oats, per bushel...............	52	@	55
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	48	@	52
Southern Oats, per bushel............	46	@	49
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel................	17 00	@	17 50
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	13 00	@	13 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	7 75	@	9 00
Cut Meats, per pound.................	6¼	@	9½
Lard, per pound......................	11¼	@	11¾
State Butter, per pound..............	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound............	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound....................	8¼	@	9½
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	2 75	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound................	9½	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5¼	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	19	@	26
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6¼	@	7¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	37	@	38
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound...............	25	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	25	@	25½
Hops, new, per pound.................	10	@	17
Hops, per pound, 1857	4	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds..................	75	@	1 00
Tallow, per pound....................	10¾	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds ...	3 62½	@	3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	49	@	49½
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 75
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 60	@	—
Linseed Oil, per gallon..............	64	@	66
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	36	@	56
" Pulled Wool	32	@	45

The Country Produce Markets were rather quiet. Prices varied slightly. The Game Dealers and Express Companies vigorously oppose and openly defy the City officials, whose duty it is to enforce the ordinance for the preservation of "Fish and Game." They consider the ordinance unjust and unconstitutional, and state that they have resolved to test its legality.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel..............	$2 00	@	$ 5 00
Grapes, per pound....................	12	@	18
Chestnuts, per bushel................	3 00	@	3 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 50
Peanuts, per bushel	1 60	@	1 70
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel..........	2 50	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@	3 25
Turnips, per barrel..................	50	@	75
Beets, per barrel	87½	@	1 12½
Carrots, per barrel..................	87½	@	1 12½
Cabbage, per 100.....................	2 00	@	5 00
Parsnips, per barrel.................	87½	@	1 12½
Cranberries, per barrel	10 00	@	18 00
Pumpkins, per 100	6 00	@	10 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches.....	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches.....	15	@	20
Garlic, per 100 bunches..............	4 00	@	5 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	2 50	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches.............	1 25	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	25	@	27
Eggs, Western, per dozen	22	@	24
Chickens, per pair...................	40	@	62½
Fowls, per pound.....................	7	@	10
Fowls, per pair......................	40	@	70
Geese, per pound.....................	7	@	11
Turkeys, per pound...................	9	@	13
Wild Turkeys, each	2 00	@	3 00
Ducks, per pound.....................	11	@	14
" black, per pair	37	@	50
" widgeon, per pair..................	37	@	50
" wood, per pair	37	@	50
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	—
Woodcock, per dozen..................	3 00	@	3 50
Partridge, per pair..................	56	@	68
Snipe, Brant, per dozen	62	@	75
Plover, per dozen....................	1 75	@	2 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	37
Squirrels, each......................	3	@	5
Venison, per pound...................	7	@	11
Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@	12

Freights were quiet, and quotations altogher nominal. The total number of vessels of all classes in port to-day is 574.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday opened more firmly, but closed heavy for Beeves....Good Milch Cows were in request....Veal Calves were scarce and quiet.... Sheep and Lambs were less abundant, and were dearer ....Swine were in light supply and held higher....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Dec. 29.*	Week ending *Jan. 5.*
Beeves........................	3,237	2,788
Milch Cows	133	138
Veal Calves...................	379	344
Sheep and Lambs...............	7,769	5,295
Swine.........................	13,637	6,200

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first-class Beeves, per pound ..	$ 6¼	@	$ 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	2 75	@	7 50
" " per pound	7	@	12
Live Swine, per pound...............	5¼	@	6¼
Dressed " "	7	@	8
Roasting Pigs, each..................	1 00	@	2 00

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